

THE WAR CRY



CHRISTMAS, 1902

Bright, Brief and Breezy.

Not As I Will

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand,
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted, or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long!
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will"—the sounds grow sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat,
"Not as I will!" The darkness feels
More sure than light when this thought steals

Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.

"Not as I will," because the one
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road and still
For us must all his love fulfil

"Not as we will."

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

"Good-Bye—God Bless You."

(This poem was one of the last written by Eugene Field before his death.)

This seems to me a sacred phrase,
With reverence impassioned—
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly but nobly fashioned.
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place,
And soothes the weak and fearful.
Into the portals of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of heart appears,
To work its gracious function.
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you—
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good-bye—God bless you!"

I love the words—perhaps because,
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause
We looked at one another,
And I—I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me—
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me;
She put her arms about my neck,
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And, though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving;
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said good-bye,
And prayed that God would bless me.

The Blessing of Joyful Giving.

A generous old German once said: "I likes to gif villingly. Ven I gifs villingly it enjoys me so much that I gifs again."

Keep to Simple Words.

To illustrate the folly of trying to use words beyond our understanding, or the carelessness with which words are placed in sentences, we give the following extracts, which were taken out of a report received from a very pushing young Salvationist:—

"The man looks at the uniform, wondering what modern, religious, mechanical arts has come into existence."

"Mrs. V— smiled fantastically."

"I observe two men ploughing; one of the steeds is an ox, the other a horse."

"X— begins to perform the duties that revolve upon his new position."

"The romantic rocks present a very wild but mysteriously appearance."

The same person also speaks of being "fairishly well," seeing the "necessesity of a thing," and of certain steps to be taken which seem "wisdomary" to him.

Irish Oil.

"What kind of oil, Pat, do you suppose they use to produce that color?" asked the citizen as a freight train went by showing a green lantern. "Sure, I should say some of the Emerald Isle, sir."

Didn't Care.

The late Mackintosh of Mackintosh, chief of a Scotch clan, was once on a visit to London. During his stay he got into a dispute with his cab-driver over the fare. "Perhaps you do not know who I am," he said at last, when other arguments failed. "I am the Mackintosh." "I don't care if you're the humbrella too," returned the unimpressed cabby. "The fare is one and six, and that's what I want."

Worse Than Atheism.

In a pamphlet on "Atheists and Agnostics," Mr. F. M. Holland tells of a sexton who, when asked by the rector why a certain wealthy parishioner had ceased coming to church, and whether the neglect was due to Latitudinarianism, replied: "No, sir; it's wusser nor that." "Then it must be Unitarianism?" "No, sir; wusser nor that." "Ah! perhaps it is agnosticism?" "Oh, no, sir; it's wusser nor that." "But it can't be atheism?" "No, sir; it's wusser nor that." "But there can't be anything worse than atheism." "Oh, yes, sir! It's rheumatism."

The Son of Kish.

There is a humorous little story related of the late Dr. Blackie. It is said that he added to a naturally venerable appearance by a rather patriarchal garb. He was met one day by three irreverent young students who thought to make fun of this peculiarity. Doffing his cap, the first bowed low and said: "Good day, Father Abraham!" The second, with like humility, said, "Good day, Father Isaac!" The third approached and said, "Good day, Father Jacob!" Dr. Blackie regarded the three young scamps with much gravity for a second, and then replied: "I am neither of the patriarchs with whose names you have honored me. I am Saul, the son of Kish, sent out to seek my father's asses, and lo! I have found three of them."

A Healthy Town.

Watering carts of a certain Irish town are decorated with patent medicine advertisements. An innocent Irishman from the rural districts looked at one the other day, and remarked:

"Faith, it's no wonder X—is healthy, when they water the streets with Flaherty's sarsaparilla!"

Enslaving Fear.

Have you ever considered how much of life is wasted through the workings of unnecessary and enslaving fears? Have you ever thought how many of those who start cheerfully enough on the Christian life are crippled in their work, and too often turned aside and deadened by the insidious effects of selfish fear? Perhaps you may be one of those unfortunate; if so, you need be a slave no longer, for God can make you a conqueror over that besetment of the devil, as much and as willingly as He can over any other stumbling-block or hindrance to the enjoyment of full life in Him and full service for Him.

Be Direct.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler says regarding the lamentable falling off in the percentage of conversions during recent years: "I am convinced that one reason is that—with happy exceptions—there has been a decline of direct, pointed, faithful and persuasive preaching to the unconverted. Too many discourses are addressed to nobody in particular; preaching to Christians has been relatively overdone, and preaching to the impenitent underdone. I do not mean denunciations that only irritate, or mere exhortations that are often a waste of breath. I mean that the preachers should so hold up the ugliness and doom of sin before the sinner's eye that he should feel his own guiltiness, and so present Jesus Christ that the sinner should flee to Him as his only Saviour. 'Warn them from Me,' is God's solemn injunction to every minister; he has therefore no more right to cap Sinai or conceal hell than he has to hide the sin-atoning cross of Calvary. In short, I mean logic set on fire by love."

Poetry and Practice.

The colored woman who, with closed eyes, was singing:

"Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,"

was nudged by the collector with his contribution box, while he said, "No use in singing, 'Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,' without you give something to make us fly."

The Price of Genius.

The man who would wear the halo of genius must learn to serve, and suffer, and toil. When the grateful generation crowns him amidst hosannas, it will not be the market-place value, or applause, he will be thinking of, but the joy of achievement.

The Golden Middle.

Never assert merely to please others. For that is, besides flattery, oftentimes untruthful; and discovers a mind liable to be servile and base. Nor contradict to vex others, for that shows an ill-temper, and provokes but profits nobody.





FAITH.



WALTER FILL 194

Toronto December 20th 1902

Special Christmas Number of
THE WAR CRY

Price 10 Cents

FAREWELL

by Miss Evangeline Booth, Commissioner

THE fiery embers of the western sun were flickering upon the horizon, scattering their burning brands upon the stretch of land below; and long trains of light glittering across the prairie formed lines of golden soldiery defying the approaching night.

It was Winnipeg—that western city of world-wide renown, with its cosmopolitan people and happy, unconventional customs; its streets of spacious buildings, its spirit of habitual rush, ever wanting to build Rome in a day; its hum and clatter of foreign tongues and strange comingling of foreign faces; and its suburbs of wooden shacks and motley structures.

Like its varying atmospheric conditions, which in winter drop to forty below zero, and in summer rise to one hundred and four in the shade, Winnipeg presents every variety of society, sect, and circumstance—the affluent and the destitute, the distinguished and the debased, the devout and the irreligious here live, move, and have their being side by side. It is a city of contrasts. Here, too, from time to time, stirring scenes of varying character have electrified the pulse of the citizens.

It was in this city that the General concluded his remarkable tour through our Territory, and it was from here he bade farewell to Canada.

MEN and women stood in knots at the different points of the spacious depot, and in high, excited tones expressed their parting wishes and bespoke their farewells. Trucks, laden in proper western style, hauled their cumbersome cargo to and fro. Railway officials shouted, commanded, and scolded. Little children, whose tiny feet absolutely "let them down" in their endeavors to keep up, dragged at the skirts of parents. Mothers, with refreshments for seven in a basket on one arm, and a baby convulsively grasped around its unfortunate middle on the other, hurried hobbledehoy boys who staggered 'neath the weight of "hold-alls" which came perilously near divulging their contents upon public property. In and out of the motley crowd flashed the red badges of the Salvationists, and reflected lights in shining instruments took a lot of the chill out of the closing day. Of course, it was nearing Christmas-time, and although I cannot say for certain, I should think that the station was exceptionally busy upon this occasion, which made the more striking and impressive the sudden rush which fell upon the pre-occupied crowd as the tall, symmetrical figure of the General appeared, and instinctively an avenue opened up to let him through.

"Oh," said somebody, "are all his meetings over?" and with a sharp pain at my heart I answered, "Yes, all his meetings are over."

"I must see the last of him," said an eminent Divine, pushing his way in unecclesiastical speed to the front. "He has been an untold inspiration to my pastorate."

"What a prophet he looks!" remarked a woman who hunted in vain for a nockethand-

kerchief that ought to have been on hand," intruded a Salvationist; "he has been a prophet to me and my home."

Into the hubbub of regret and blessing the conductor's "All-aboard!" sounded like some peremptory knell, and what handkerchiefs were not already well serving their purpose were hastily thrust into prominence for the final wave-offering.

It was hard to see the General go. Those of us who had said good-bye to him on similar occasions found it harder than any time in the past. He had come so near to us, his presence had so blessed us, and every hour of every day some help he brought us found him in a tenderer place in our hearts. But we remembered the forty-nine different countries where the Flag waves, and fancied we could see the outstretched hands awaiting him, and in gratitude for the many days and much strength of the God-treasured life spent with us, we would not have held him longer, at least I do not think we

would, although I admit such a high state of resignation was at this particular moment both difficult to reach and to speak confidently about.

The bandsmen struck up their instruments and we tried to sing, "God be with you till we meet again," but it was a miserable failure with some of us, the glands of our throat seemed in too close a proximity to pass tears and voice at the same time. Although a brother right near to me between scraping and mopping succeeded in lifting some melodious sounds, I noticed they were finally lost in the wrapping of a duster which wonderfully entered into his feelings.

Then the train moved, and the iron gate of the car, which we did not feel the sweetest toward, slur with a bang. Into that fleet moment which lay between the receding car and the curve which hid it, crowded all the consecrations we had made, the vows we had uttered, the blessings we had received, and into one mighty, prolonged volley we tried to say something of what we felt. The General smiled—a smile which lit his face, a smile which lit our hearts, a smile which stayed with us all that day and is still



THE SETTING OF THE SUN.

with us this day, for it leapt like a star into the sky of our soul and will shine there for ever, and while he has gone, he has not gone, for his spirit remains, his counsel lives, his love fills, his example is lettered, and no matter what seas divide, what storms may come, or how long it may be before we see our General's face again, we are his and God's for ever.

NOW our hearts are full of impatience to put into actual effect the mighty lessons of inestimable worth which have been ours. Oh, what flood-gates of blessing have been opened, what revelations disclosed, what mercies deluged! Life will be too short to tell the immensity of their truth, or speak the full power of their influence.

The General's visit has done great things for us.

(1) It Has Drawn Out Our Hearts to the Whole World.

broadening the limit of our affections and giving us to feel an almost overwhelming sense of our comradeship to the Salvation-globe. The Salvation Army is destined to over-run the world. Its blood-red banner waves for the deliverance of every land, and interlocks the flags of all nations, and as the General has given us to learn of his great heart, and its yearnings and purposes for the uplifting and saving of all men, all differences of race and caste and tongue and circumstances have been lost sight of. Any prejudices which have hitherto existed have been quenched in the new ties of world-wide sympathy and affection which have awakened within us, and we have again and again praised God for having found us a place in an organization of such vast proportions.

The General has made us feel what an all-conquering force and Divine government is that which embraces these principles that make one the peoples of all nations, uniting the children of India's tropical sands and those of the mountains of perpetual snow, which inscribes the same name upon the Maori wigwam as it writes upon the Zulu kraal, and puts down upon the ice-fields of Labrador brothers and sisters of the musical sons and daughters of Italian valleys; and gathering into its impartial arms the dusky peoples of South Africa, the awakening millions of Japan, the varied countries of Europe, the fertile colonies of Australasia, and the masses of this vast continent, makes a whole world akin in the throeb of God's unfathomable love. In a new and precious sense we throw out our hearts to our comrades. The General has brought them all so near to us and made them all so dear, and the new love-links which he has woven stretch the long passages of sea and land and bind us loyally and tightly together.

(2) The General Bids Us Remember Our Calling.

By a thousand appeals the General has bid us remember our calling, look to its purpose, and do our work.

As I write with some sadness of heart, for fain would we have had him longer with us, my mind goes back and I fancy I see him again with prophetic face and attitude, and hear once more his impassioned words, as he told us to beware of the subtle allurements of personal claims, selfish interests, and worldly honors, which would draw us aside from the straight and narrow path of unreserved service to God. How he reminded us that our very saving, our calling, all the blessings which had crowded our way to heaven were purposed for the saving of others, and that any attraction, no matter how fair its appearance and bright its promise, which checked our efforts for the blessing of our neighbor, or lessened our love for the sinning and the poor, or divided our interests from the abject and miserable, or destroyed our influence for the masses for whom Calvary was suffered and heaven stood, would prove in the breaking up of the world's last day wretched, poor, and accursed; that our work is to bring salvation to the people—any people and all people—not to leave our share of the fight for another to

wage, but that we each should do our own share, from the Commissioner down to the last recruit, so that when the Reckoning Day comes there shall be a multitude of efforts recorded under our name, however small or great an individuality that name may belong to, showing that all our powers were thrown into the battle of three worlds on Calvary's side.

The General told us to go down among the people, and to keep down among them. We will be more careful to do this. We know the great tendency of all religious societies to get out of touch of the needy, sinning, sinking crowds, and that whether it be by greatness of ability, or greatness of position, or greatness of address, or even greatness of a supposed religion, if such greatness lifts us out of reach of the people—the people who are sin-stained, and troubled, and burdened, the people whom Jesus came unto a stable to reach, and stood at a carpenter's bench to mingle with, and died an outcast to save—then a million times more blessed are we without it.

And so we will guard against wrecking our vessel of usefulness upon this rock, and the General's passionate intercessions on behalf of the guilty which we have been privileged to witness shall be the beacon light pointing to the danger, while we try to seek the poor and erring as the General has sought them, and to spend ourselves for their saving as he has done.

(3) He Has Told Us His Love for Us.

He has given us to see it. He has made us to feel it by the most convincing of ways, his consistent, his persistent, his self-sacrificing service, laying down himself daily for his peo-

ple's sake. And knowing your wise distrust in those promises which deal in generalities, and your deep appreciation of results which are practical and on the spot, we have determined that the coming twelve months shall be the most resultful in the history of this Territory, and here, in the preciousness of the priceless memories of your visit, would pledge ourselves, by the close of 1903, to bring up our figures to the following totals, which, after careful consideration with my chief officers, I have every confidence, with God's help, shall be accomplished.

NOW the General has gone. Everything says it. That sleepy sun, laying her scarlet cheek upon the bosom of the prairie, that loud call of the dear soldier who declared true western lung vehemency when he shouted, "Come back again," and a strange wet drop, which would like to get out of my eye, if I would let it, all say that, in person, the General has gone. Still even is this so:—

General, your clarion voice has left the cry of the people ringing in our ears, our eyes are hot with the emotion you have stirred for the sad and sinning crowds. You have so vividly pictured their needs that we cannot get away from them—the tempted souls almost over the precipice, the downtrodden ones so near the breakers of despair, the mothers with hearts broken and hopes dead, the children with distorted conscience learning wrong for right, the bewildered backsliders with battered faith and lost joy, the great multitude of sinning and unfortunate, to lift whose load, and blot whose guilt, and wipe whose tear the Saviour died.

General, we want to tell you once again that we will not—we do not—hold anything back, but here and now we throw all, every power with which heaven has blessed us, into a desperate attack for the world's salvation.

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Senior War.

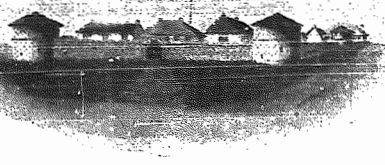
Senior Prisoners	17,500
New Soldiers	3,000
New Officers	100
Local Officers	500
Candidates Secured	200
Indoor Attendance Weekly	20,000

Junior War.

Children Saved	5,000
Junior Soldiers Enrolled	2,000
New B. O. L. Members	1,500
Corps-Cadets	200
New J. S. Companies	500
Increase of Company Attendance ..	3,000

And now, honored General, we pray that the God of all "grace and glory" may ever uphold you, comfort your spirit, sustain your heart, and make even more radiant in blessing and boundless in victory your later years, and would ask you without fear or hesitancy to rely upon us to the very full, at all times, and under any conditions, as your followers, your soldiers, and your servants—at our post.

Evangelical Books



PORT GARRY.
The old Hudson Bay Company's first new guard, around which the city of Winnipeg is built up.

FORGOTTEN

BY THE GENERAL

THE other day I chanced upon a picture that interested me very much. It is one, I understand, fairly well known, but I had not seen it before.

The subject of it was a revel at a wayside inn. Inside, everything was bright and cheerful. On the window-shade could be seen, by the aid of the warm glow of the blazing fire, the shadows of the heads of the guests, as they clinked their glasses, drank each others' health, told their mirthful stories, or made the place ring again with the chorus of their rattling songs.

Outside, all was just the opposite. The night was dark, the storm-clouds hung low, with never a star in sight, a bitter wind was blowing over the hills, the snow lay thick upon the ground, while tethered under the window was a poor little pony, whose master was among the merry throng within. Its head was banging down, its knees bent, its shaggy hair bristling up with the shivering blast, presenting a picture of hunger, cold, and misery. It was a gloomy scene.

Underneath the painting was written the one word -

FORGOTTEN.

The owner and his companions were having an unspeakably-jolly time inside, but they had forgotten the pony.

Now, as I looked on that picture, it called up before me several others of a still more melancholy nature, a few of which I would like to bring before the readers of the Cry with the request that they will look on them as well.

Picture 1.

HERE is a comfortable home at Christmas-time. Look at the happy father and mother, the merry children, the relatives from afar. See the decorations, the mistletoe, the

Christmas tree, the warmth, the feasting, the friendly fellowship, and a host of other pleasant things. It is, indeed, Christmas here after the modern fashion.

But look outside that home, and how great is the contrast. In that lonely chamber sits in solitude a friendless widow. Over there is a group of hungry orphans. Down that slum is a crowd of half-naked children. Then upstairs and downstairs, in attic and cellar, are countless numbers of wretched creatures to whom Christmas brings no gladness, no change in their miserably monotonous fate. Underneath this picture shall we write—

FORGOTTEN?

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Picture 2.

HERE is another scene, a Salvationist's home, with its family altar round which the inmates are gathered. The song is sung—

"Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

Now the Scriptures are read, and from warm, grateful hearts the voice of thanksgiving and praise ascends to heaven. "Thank God for all His wonderful mercies. Our sins are forgiven, our names are in the Book of Life, we are walking with Him, living virtuous lives, and fighting in the holy war. Our prospects are excellent for this life and the life to come. Hallelujah to the Lamb!"

But outside what do we see? Thousands of homes made into earthly hells, by jealousies and quarrellings, by pride and covetousness, by vice and crime, as their inmates harden each other's hearts, and hand in hand travel to their doom. Oh, shall we write under this picture—

FORGOTTEN?

Picture 3.

TAKE another scene. It is a Salvation hall. A testimony meeting is in progress. First one soldier, then another, is telling out of a full heart the wonderful things God has done for him. Listen—

"I was captain of a gang of forty thieves—we robbed where we had a chance, and we spent the proceeds in waste and wickedness. In prison and out, we had a life of unspeakable torture. The Salvation Army stopped me, led me to the fountain, made me an honest, happy man. Heaven is my home. Praise the Lord!"

Good, glorious, ten thousand hallelujahs!—but where are the thirty-and-nine comrades of those days? Are they still outside in the darkness of the prison cells, or in the horrible haunts of crime, still following the wretched business which must sooner or later lead to a miserable end; and, if so, must we say of them—

FORGOTTEN?

Listen again! "I was a drunkard. For twenty years I lived, and drank, and blasphemed my Maker on the very door-step of hell. Now I am a soldier of Christ. My wife is a happy woman. My children are being trained for holiness and heaven."

Beautiful! Let the angels sing!—but where are the pals with whom you companioned? Some of them, perhaps, have gone over the precipice to which you led them. Others are on the brink, blinded, stupefied, and miserable, nearly dead and nearly damned. Of them shall we say—

FORGOTTEN?

And now another speaks. "I was a profligate sailor. I lived, whether on sea or on shore, as though there was neither God nor heaven nor hell, reckless of what became of me here or hereafter; but Jesus found me, the Salvation Army life-boat rescued me, and now

'I am out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide.'

Glorious again! But what about your old comrades in iniquity? They are still on the dark sea—drifting, drifting; to their doom. Must I say of them—

FORGOTTEN?

Again. "I was an empty formalist, with little more than the appearance of religion. I read my Bible, said my prayers, sung my hymns, listened to my preachers, but all the time was destitute of saving grace. But the Army stopped me, showed me the utter uselessness of a profession of religion without its power. I knelt at the cross, cried to God for a new heart. He heard me, saved me, made my religion a reality, and now I prove His love from day to day."

But what about the host of empty professors who knew nothing of holy living or soul-saving power with whom you associated in those days? Do you ever weep over them, cry after them, strive to save them from their life of empty show? or are they

FORGOTTEN?

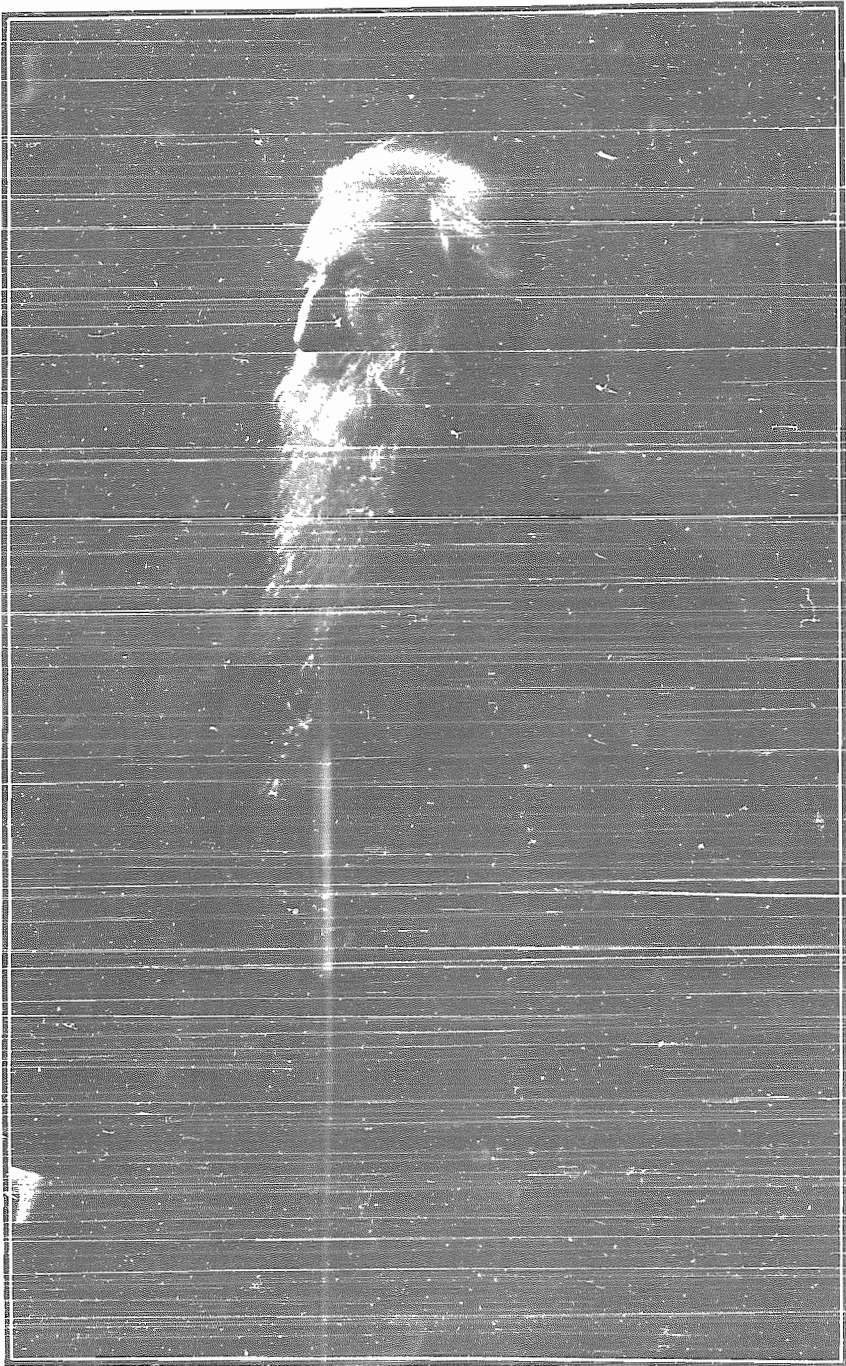
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Picture 4.

HERE is another Christmas scene. It is Boxing Day. The corps festival is in full swing. The tables are spread, the guests are gathered. Now the meeting has started. Song swells on song, speech follows speech. Officers and soldiers alike glory in the advances of the year that is past, and prospects of the year about to begin. Who can deny that God is there? Everyone feels that it is as heaven on earth. And who would say anything to damp such holy enthusiasm and joy? But still I must ask, What about the men and women who used to join in those hallelujah anthems, and say "Amen!" to those ardent prayers? Where are the backsliders? Oh, where are they? Some of them are drinking themselves into an early grave in the saloons. Others are



FORGOTTEN.



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH
FATHER AND FOUNDER OF THE WORLD WIDE SALVATION ARMY



MISS EVANGELINE BOOTH
COMMISSIONER OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.F.L.D. & N.W. AMERICA

finding a few hours' amusement in the theatres. Others are mad with the excitement of the gambling hells, while others are lounging away their precious hours in the doing of idle nothingness. O you officers, O you soldiers, must I?—no, I will not—say they are by you

FORGOTTEN.

But I am interrupted with the cry, "Hold hard, General, we are not so forgetful as you fear. We do remember the sons and daughters of sin and sorrow who are not equally favored with ourselves." Good! But, if remembered, I want to know to what purpose. How much better are they for your knowledge of their godless existence? We can readily imagine the owner of the pony, in the midst of his revelry, occasionally bestowing a thought on the poor beast shivering under the window, without its being greatly advantaged by the remembrance. Suppose he kept on saying, "My poor pony, I hope he will not take any harm. I guess it must be rather cold for him out there." Imagine him singing a song describing the woes of animals left to the mercy of biting winds, and cruel frosts, and gnawing hunger, after

their hard day's work was done; or suppose him making resolutions to see to him being fed and cared for to-morrow. The pony would not be helped much thereby, would it? Warmth, and shelter, and food are the things it requires, and that right away.

Just so, my comrades. What the poor, and the fallen, and the prodigals, and the backsliders, and the hopeless crowds around us need is help, practical help, help without delay.

We must not only remember them, and pray for them, and talk about them: we must go to them in their miseries and deliver them. Let us do it. We have done something in the past. We are doing something to-day. But, oh, let us do something more in the future. Let us do more this Christmas-time. Let us visit the sick, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and comfort the broken-hearted. Never mind how bad they may have been, or how often they have been helped before; help them again.

And, oh, with more compassion, more zeal, and more energy than ever let us carry salvation to the multitudes of souls who are without and, alas! too much, too often

FORGOTTEN.

The General at Grand Forks.

Sudden Change of Temperature—Building's Capacity Taxed to the Utmost—Audience Intensely Enthusiastic.



ONCE more the General returns to this Territory, and although not yet upon Canadian soil, his first meeting is already an accomplished fact at the border corps of our boundary line. With keen interest we have followed his inspiring campaign in the sister domain, and rejoiced with our comrades in the success that has followed his every step.

"The General's meetings have helped us all over," said a North-Western officer. "The people have heard all about his doings up and down the country, and have come to us to hear more. From New York to St. John, from Toronto to Chicago, they have watched him through the press, and I doubt whether we can estimate the growing sympathy and goodwill towards our local work which has been the result."

Into winter we seemed suddenly to be plunged as the train pulled into Grand Forks, and we recognized between the close-pulled-down fur cap and tight-pulled-up fur collar the benign countenance of Brigadier Southall, and realized that the North-West Province was our location at once.

"Of course," and the ecclesiastical authority rubbed his cold hands appreciatively. "We rarely commence our meetings until 8.30, and do not expect the crowd to gather early."

Yet what are these early stampings at the closed doors, accompanied by thunderous knocks and excited cries, "Let us in"? It wanted yet twenty minutes to seven when the first were admitted, and by eight o'clock the place was gorged with a crowd that a local magnate informed us was such as that edifice had never witnessed before. Every inch of space available was eagerly seized upon and there was not a place to spare. The curtains were dragged up, the screens vanished as by magic arrangement to their hiding-place in the floor, and the Sunday-School and class rooms were also thrown open to accommodate the eager crowd.

It was a vast and inspiring sight that met the eye of the platform as the huge audience rose en masse to enthusiastically welcome the General. As to the sight that the audience gazed upon—the long-looked-for features of the Army's founder and apostle—they appeared as if spell-bound, and acted for some time as if they were.

But the Commissioner is at the front, and the deep place which he holds in the affections of Grand Forks claims attention at once for the business she has in hand. This business is the

first song, and Salvationist, church-member, and unprosperous outsider joined in with a will.

Judge Cochrane is a sensible man and was quick to feel that the crowd was one in anxiety to hear but one man, therefore he refrained from detracting attention to himself or postponing the time. "One of the greatest religious leaders in the world's history, and one who has done more for the benefit of oppressed humanity than any other recorded in the annals of time."

Thus, in a word, the Judge introduced the General, and the audience had its wish right away. Wearied by the tremendous campaigns which had been his lot since last we looked upon his face, the General is as vigorous as ever, and his words glow with the eloquence of his burning themes. The Grand Forks Daily Herald well describes the impressions of the crowd.

"Oratory is of many kinds, and eloquence is a relative term. In the common acceptance of the words, General Booth is not an orator and is not eloquent. But if eloquence is the ability to impress an audience with a sense of the earnestness of the speaker, and to carry home not only the conviction that he is in earnest, but that he is right, then General Booth is a finished orator and a model of eloquence."

When there is a play of the emotions, when the heart is to be touched, when there is an appeal for help for the down-fallen, there is no hesitancy and no embarrassment. Words pour out thick and fast, a perfect torrent of passion, of force, of pleading, or of exultation, and there is revealed the secret of the success of the Salvation Army, the simple belief of its founder that God Almighty intended one man on this earth to help another, and gave him the means to do it. This General Booth believes with his whole heart, and he believes it so thoroughly that no man or woman can listen to him long without being possessed, in some measure, of the same belief. The address of the General cannot be reproduced on paper. A stenographic report could reproduce his words, but that is all, and the words are but a small part of the address. The fire, the earnestness, the intensity of the speaker, are things to be seen and heard, but not to be printed. . . . The General's address was interrupted frequently by hearty applause, and when he closed the audience signified its approval by such an outburst as has seldom been heard here."

"We would that the impression made should live in influences of blessing, and that out of the hearts stirred by the General's burning words the world may be lifted nearer Thine." Thus the Commissioner's closing petition brought us all to the footsteps of the Throne.

We left Grand Forks stirred and delighted over the General's visit. Now for the Metropolitan of the North-West, and its Congress.—A.L.P.

Only a Few Wild Flowers.

Only a few wild flowers gathered on the mountainside, and watered with a few sympathetic tears, by a lassie Ensign—that's all, but therein hangs a tale.

Our officers had barely arrived in the Yukon gold fields when an urgent request came for one of the Army nurses to render assistance to a young man who lay in his tent at the point of death.

Officers of the Salvation Army, in any part of the world, as a rule eagerly seize any opportunity of bringing a little sunshine into the lives of those who are in need, yet a little extra speed was given to the steps of the nurse in this instance, as the case had been described as one demanding immediate help.

A very short time after the call, the tent wherein the young man lay was reached. It stood all alone on the side of a slough, and save for the palling of the miners as they hurried on in their mad race for gold, the silence was undisturbed. A broken-hearted brother had, to the best of his ability, attended to the sick for weeks, and with his constant watching had become worn and haggard. No one had dropped in even for a moment to relieve him of his midnight vigils. In fact, it was with the greatest of difficulty he could quietly slip out of the tent to procure, a mile or so away, medicine and a few so-called luxuries with the last few dollars he had. It will, therefore, readily be understood that when this angel of mercy came to render some assistance she came when her services were the most needed, and when looks, and not words, on the part of the recipients could only give expression to the deepest gratitude.

The lassie officer, on entering the tent, hastily made her way to the rough camp bed. As the face before her showed too plainly the young man was unconscious, she placed, with the gentleness of a woman, her cold hand on his fevered brow, when in a few moments the eyes of the sick man opened only to faintly smile a thank you, then lapse again into semi-consciousness.

Here was a young man dying, far removed from friends and the luxuries of Eastern civilization. Death has little charm when considered merely from a human aspect, but to die in a wilderness alone is a desolation beyond description.

We will not inflict upon the reader the story of the heart-breaks of the next few days, until the spirit of the young man took its flight, but simply say the rough camp bed was made a little softer, Jesus made precious to the sufferer, even in a tent, by a woman's gentleness.

A Klondike funeral, in the early days, was enough to melt a heart of stone, and this one, save for a little extra tenderness displayed, was no exception. His wasted body was put in a rough casket. Wreaths of flowers, as is the custom at such a time, were not forthcoming, or indeed would it have been possible to send them had hearts been ever so desirous in this way to pay a last respect to the remains; but the wild flowers we have previously referred to were gathered and carried with the dead to its final resting-place. Though none saw the act, God did, and will reward the kindly heart who did the best that could be done in the absence of others, and when an enquiry came from mother far across the sea to the Army as to whether it knew, or could trace anything of her boy, it did ease the agony of her mind and our own not a little to know that a lassie-officer had done what she could.—Sub.



The last of the General in Canada

THE GENERAL'S MEETINGS AT WINNIPEG

WE had expected big things, but our most sanguine expectations might be compared as a tallow candle to an arc light, as far as the actual results of the Winnipeg campaign were concerned. We knew there would be crowds, but scarcely counted on a packed house for the morning meeting in the theatre. Both afternoon and night as many people were turned away as would fill the theatre again. We expected souls, but did not anticipate that they would reach three figures—for keen, hard-headed, money-seeking, though generous, Westerners are not very susceptible to religious impulses, at least not in a personal sense.

For weeks, not only Winnipeg, but the whole North-West had been watching with great interest the General's movements, and this increased as he drew nearer to the Metropolis of the West.

Although the train was three hours late, and the weather was bitter cold, yet a great crowd of Salvationists and friends awaited the arrival of our loved and honored General. The pent-up enthusiasm which was waiting for the opportunity to express itself was plainly written on the faces of the crowd. Perhaps the shrill exclamations of the iron-lunged greeting which had startled the city had helped to increase the enthusiasm of the soldiers and friends, for the intensity of feeling seemed to be so great as to be almost painful. The first glimpse of the tall hat, silver hair and beard, so rapidly recognized, and the martial coat, was the signal for an outburst that seemed to make the great plank platform reverberate. It was a welcome—a royal welcome—a Western welcome.

Saturday's Soldier's Meeting.

The Saturday night meeting, with officers, soldiers, ex-soldiers, and backsliders brought forth a congregation of between five and six hundred people. As the General, preceded by our beloved Commissioner, emerged from the office at Provincial Headquarters into the main auditorium of the Citadel, there could be no doubt as to the love and confidence of the forces of the North-West, nor of the intensity of that love towards the General.

What a meeting it proved to be! Soldiers and officers had traveled as far as 4,000 miles to be present, but ere it closed they had obtained a good return for the cost involved. What revelations, what awakening of dormant spiritual faculties, what extended views of the heavenly things, what invigoration of faith, what increased confidence in the possibilities of Divine grace, what firmer grip of the promises of God resulted from the heart-searching truths lucidly described and mightily enforced upon heart and

mind by the General's utterances, and perhaps even more by the weight of that majestic personality which is beyond description. At the finish it was found that a good number had responded to the demands of the Holy Spirit and the dictates of their own consciences.

As to Sunday's meetings, it would require an abler pen than mine to describe these. It was the red-letter day of Winnipeg's Salvation Army history. As the sentiments of the press will afford greater variety, we cull the following:

"The meeting at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, in the Winnipeg Theatre, was largely attended, and the house was crowded to the doors. The walls were lined with people, who were

impression of age betrayed by his long, white hair and flowing beard.

"As he speaks to his audience he moves back and forth along the platform, almost restlessly, talking in a strong, rapid voice, with just a suggestion of hoarseness characteristic of elderly men. He uses no notes, his open Bible, which lay on the desk in front of him, being the only aid to memory which he requires. His utterances thrill with intense sincerity, and he speaks with a freedom and excellent flow of language that denotes the practiced public speaker. His addresses bristle with brilliant common sense, epigrammatic expressions with which he drives home his arguments and appeals to the hearts of his hearers.

"He is, par excellence, a man fitted to sway large audiences of people with waves of emotional feeling, but he appeals to the reason as well, and is never illogical. He does not give way to the temptation which is bound to come to a man who often addresses large crowds of men and women of the lower classes, to abandon argument and attack the feelings alone, and is farther removed from being the demagogue than many clergymen who address, Sunday after Sunday, congregations of educated and refined men and women.

"The General proceeded to make an appeal for men and women to act according to that injunction and place themselves in harmony with the will of God and the Divine plan.

"After the sermon was concluded, Colonel Lawley took charge of the service and many converts were made.

The Afternoon.

"The theatre was not half large enough to hold the crowd that sought admission in the afternoon. As early as 2.30, half an hour before the hour advertised for the commencement of the meeting, there was a heavy crush at the main entrance. The crush continued till the entire space of the building was occupied, and then the doors were closed on four or five hundred disappointed people.

"At three o'clock the General, again accompanied

by Miss Booth, came on the stage amid loud cheering, trumpet blowing, and beating of drums. The Commissioner led the congregation in the singing of a hymn, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire made a prayer, and Colonel Lawley sang a solo. Then the General came forward without formal introduction."

He preached a mighty sermon on sin, in which he said, among other things:

"Old sins are never forgotten, for God had a long memory. A great many men do wrong without meaning to sin. It was a matter of habit with them. Jesus Christ would change men's habits: He would change their natures so that the things they now loved they would hate and things they now hated they would love. Man must be born again. He who would secure salvation must see that he had been wrong, that he had been wicked, that he had transgressed the law of love. He must be willing to obey the Lord's will and to be His servant. He must believe.

"The General issued a straightforward invitation to everybody to come out and be saved. A special invitation was issued to backsliders to come once more into the fold."—*Daily Telegram*.

The Evening Meeting.

"There were 150, or probably 200, halletjah lasses and sturdy Salvation soldiers on the stage at the Winnipeg Theatre last evening. The body of the auditorium was packed with a solid mass of people, down the aisles and back to the doors. Overhead, in the galleries, the same condition of congestion prevailed. General Booth was to open the service at seven o'clock, but fully fifteen minutes before that time the street doors of the theatre had been closed, as all the available space had been taken up.



City Hall and Soldiers' Monument, Winnipeg.

forced to stand, and many were turned away, as the Salvation Army officers did not wish to have the place uncomfortably crowded.

"The General, as he appeared on the platform with his daughter, Miss Booth, was greeted with enthusiastic applause, which lasted for several moments. He finally raised his hand as a request for silence, and said:

"Thank you. Now let us go to business."

"General Booth's appearance, as he stands before an audience, is quite imposing. He is a tall, old man, over seventy years of age. He is over the average height, and the impression of his large size is heightened by his erect bearing and freedom of movement. He shows no sign of weakening from age, and his activity, and strength, and delivery almost belie the



Bird's-Eye View of Winnipeg, Man.

"Suddenly someone on the stage gave the word that the General was coming, and immediately commenced a terrific din, with brass wind instruments, tambourines, handclapping and availed themselves of other adventitious aids towards making a noise.

"Then came General Booth, followed by his daughter, Commissioner Booth, Colonel Lawley, and others. The din subsided after the General took his seat, and Miss Eva Booth advanced to the front of the barricade to offer up prayer.

"Miss Booth prays with an overpowering fervency and a picturesque, torrential vocabulary and phrasing, which deeply impresses and carries home to one a conviction of her sincerity and the whole-souled interest she takes in her work. Last night she prayed for a visitation of God's saving grace such as she had seen manifested in such great assemblies.

"Following his daughter, General Booth spoke. His voice, which at one time must have been resonant and powerful, is now raucous with age and much speaking, yet his enunciation is clear and distinct, and his every word could be heard in every part of the theatre."—*Daily Tribune*.

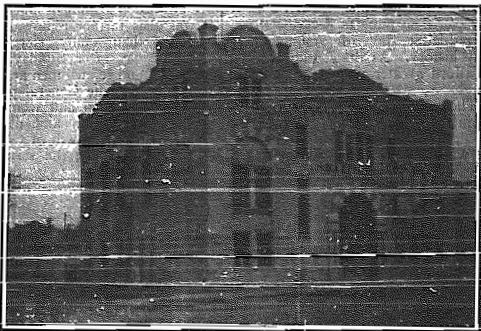
The eloquence of his soul thrilled that mighty crowd and made them feel, if they never felt before, the fact that God Almighty will have to be dealt with.

When the prayer meeting started not a soul moved, the building from floor to ceiling was one solid block of people, and to get among them was an utter impossibility. The

Roblin, Premier; General Booth, and his daughter, Commissioner Eva Booth. These arrivals were greeted with cheers and a blast from all the wind instruments and beating of drums. Commissioner Eva Booth opened the service by giving out a hymn, followed by prayer, Rev. R. P. Bowles leading, with great earnestness. Colonel Lawley next sang a solo of his own composition, the verses referring to different branches of the Army's work, each followed by a chorus in which the audience joined.

INTRODUCED BY THE PREMIER

"The chairman recognized the compliment paid him in asking him to preside, and expressed the pleasure and gratitude of the people of Winnipeg, and of Manitoba, that General Booth had been permitted to visit the city again. He bore a tribute to the General's ceaseless activity, his pulpit and platform ability, his power to create interest and enthusiasm, and his matchless power of organization. He in-



S. A. Citadel, Winnipeg.

roduced the General to the audience, extending to him a hearty and generous welcome on behalf of the citizens.

THE GENERAL.

"The General spoke for an hour and a half in his whole-souled way, and was heard with close attention throughout. Placards had been placed around the church intimating that no person must go out while the General was speaking, but the admonition seemed to be entirely unnecessary, no restlessness being observable. The theme was, 'The Past, Present and Future of the Salvation Army.'

GENERAL THANKED.

"A vote of thanks was tendered the General for his address, on motion ably moved by Rev. R. P. Bowles, and seconded by Rev. Dr. Kilpatrick, and supported by Rev. Chas. W. Gordon, all of whom expressed admiration and gratitude in view of all that had been accomplished through the Salvation Army. The General, in replying, proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, which was carried.

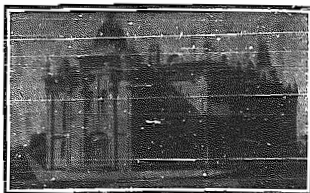
"The service was closed with prayer by Miss Booth."

"You say you love the General down East, but, tell you what, it takes us Western folk to appreciate him!"

We were inclined to contest the point, but the speaker was burly and of stalwart proportions, and we deemed it wise to hold our peace.

"Have you ever been stationed a hundred miles from nowhere?" next queried a little lass, with wistful eyes and a resolute mouth; "that's where I've been holding on, and every time I've watched the sun set on the lonely prairie I've counted the days and nights to the General's visit. It's been our one thought for months, and its memory will live with us for years."

Yes, the councils meant much to these officers



Grace Church, Winnipeg.

of the Prairie Province—they had come far to attend them, they had waited long for them, and the realization of the long-looked-for occasion, with its floodtides of blessing, almost upset the equilibrium of some of them, and captivated the admiration and affection of all.

Not the largest in point of numbers, so far as the General's councils in this Territory are concerned, but equal with any in inspiration and blessing. Those upturned faces fixed, to a man, with touching eagerness and moistening eyes, of stirred feelings and quickened heart, upon the stately central figure, represented some of the hardest and loneliest posts in the command—posts which are being held, and held bravely, for the blessing of the scattered and wilder population of that region of fertile wilderness. They represented thousands upon thousands of miles traversed to secure the present privilege—some had come hundreds, some had come thousands, and there were one or two who had traveled as much as two thousand in order to "take in" this greatest of all great occasions.

Each session was a time of mighty receiving. We did something more than enjoy ourselves, though, as one put it, "if heaven is much better, what must it be like?" We did more than feel, and pray, and believe, though in all these the General led us along an inclining path of realization. But the definite and individual outcome which we brought away with us, above and beyond all this, made the receiving the most blessed characteristic of all.

What did we not receive? **Encouragement.** It flashed in every glance of the General's fiery eye, it glowed in every word which told of the wonderful past, it came to us in every vivid picture of the boundless future. If we had felt small and sad when we came in, we simply could not help growing in spiritual size and gladness as a result of the encouragement received before going out.

Correction. It was not that the General blamed us, though blame from such honor-lips would be more valued than the praise of all others. But it was in the realization of our needs and the needs of the people, for whom we lived, and for whom the Saviour died, and in the declaration of tight holding to first principles, and generous widening of heart interest, that we each appropriated what correction our own heart and work found need of.

(Continued on page 31.)



The Winnipeg Theatre.

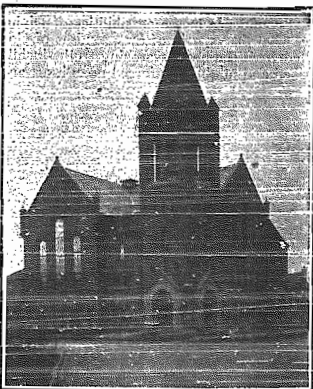
officers told off as fishers could not move, and all we could do was to sing, pray, wait on God and have faith in His ability. This we did again and again until the break came, and one after another, with blinding tears, are being led up the aisle, and in the fountain filled with blood they wash away all their guilty stains.

I can assure our readers that such sights were never witnessed in the Winnipeg Opera House before. The grand total at the mercy seat for the Campaign was 148. Fire a volley!

The General's Lecture in Grace Church.

The splendid meeting in Grace Church, on Monday, which was packed with a congregation of nearly two thousand people, was also given creditable attention by the press. We call the report given by the *Morning Free Press*.

"The anxiety of the Salvation Army officers to see Grace Church crowded at General Booth's lecture last evening, was set at rest at least half an hour before the time of opening. So many had then assembled that it was apparent there would be no vacant seats. At eight o'clock Rev. C. W. Gordon, Rev. R. P. Bowles, and Mr. J. T. Gordon, M.P.P., ascended the platform, and they were followed a moment afterwards by the chairman of the meeting, Hon. R. P.



Baptist Church, Winnipeg, where Officers' Councils were held.

DAILY READINGS.

Sayings of Our Saviour
Illustrated.

Sunday.

"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—ST. LUKE v. 32.

CELSUS, an opponent of Christianity in the second century, distorting our Lord's words, complained that "Jesus Christ came into the world to make the most horrible and dreadful society; for He calls sinners, and not the righteous, so that the body He came to assemble is a body of profligates, separated from good people, among whom they before were mixed. He has rejected all the good and collected all the bad." "True," said Origen, the Christian writer, in reply, "our Saviour did come to call sinners—but to repentance. He assembled the wicked—but it was to convert them into new men and make them angels or messengers for God. Men come to Him covetous and He makes them liberal; the proud He makes meek; the thieves are made honest; the ungodly, righteous. So He calls all to Him and changes them until they become like unto Himself."

Monday.

"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."—MATT. XIX. 29.

THE great General Garibaldi issued a proclamation: "I have nothing to offer but rags and poverty, suffering, and death; but let him who loves his country follow me." And the glory and youth of that country rose up, laid their possessions at his feet, and followed him. Victory upon victory was the result. Picture them leaving home, friends, selling estates to embrace dangers, privations, wounds, etc.

For the deliverance of this world Christ cries from Calvary, "I have only a cross to offer, but let him who loves his brother follow Me. Victory and eternal rewards shall be yours."

Tuesday.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."—JOHN XIV. 6.

A MINISTER, some time ago, was asked by a young man, "Sir, can you tell me the way to Christ?" "No," was the answer, very deliberately given; "I cannot tell you the way to Christ." The young man answered, "I beg pardon, I thought you were a minister of the Gospel." "So I am," was the reply. "How is it, then, that you cannot tell me the way to Christ?" "My friend," said the minister, "there is no way to Christ, He is Himself the way."

Wednesday.

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me."—ST. LUKE IX. 23.

AN association was formed in a certain town to forward the object of foreign missions. Names were enrolled of those willing to help. Among others a youth of sixteen came to enrol his name. When asked how much he wished

to give, he replied, "Myself." He was the eldest son of a widow who worked very hard to support her seven children. His offer could not be received without his mother's consent. It was hardly to be expected she would give her eldest son to the missionary service when he would so soon be able to help her in the support of her family. She was asked whether she was willing for him to be trained as a missionary and then sent abroad. "Let him go," was the immediate answer of the devoted mother. "God will provide for me and my children; and who am I that I should be thus honored to have a son as missionary to the heathen?" Her sacrifice was accepted. Her son was sent to India, where he labored with great zeal and success.

Thursday.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven."—MATT. XVIII. 10.

A LITTLE boy of three, the only child of a poor woman, fell into the fire by accident one day during his mother's absence, and died after a few hours' great suffering. The vicar of the parish went to see the poor mother in order to try and comfort her. To his surprise

he found her very calm, very patient, and quite resigned. After a little talk she told him that God had sent her wonderful comfort. She had been weeping bitterly as she knelt beside the cot before the child's death, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Mother, don't you see the beautiful man who is standing there and waiting for me?" Again and again the child spoke of the "beautiful man" waiting for him, and seemed anxious to go to Him. So her heart was strangely cheered. She said she thought it must have been the Lord Jesus Himself. The vicar told her it was certainly one of the ministering host of angels, as our Lord told us Himself how the angels in heaven care for, and wait upon, and minister to Christ's little ones.

Friday.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."—MARK XVI. 15.

RAROTONGA is an island in the South Seas which was Christianized by missionaries early in the nineteenth century. No sooner had the converts felt the power of the Gospel themselves than they earnestly desired to carry the glad tidings of salvation to the neighboring islands of the Samoan group. One of the Christians of Rarotonga, named Teava, wrote as follows: "My desire to fulfil Christ's command is very great. He said to His disciples, 'Go into all the world.' My heart is full of compassion for the heathen, who know not the salvation which God has provided. Let me go to these savages. Why should there be any delay?" This good man's desire was fulfilled. He landed in Samoa, and, besides being one of the most intelligent and consistent pioneers to the European missionaries there, he was for many years one of their best native assistants in translating the Scriptures, in teaching in the schools, and in the general work of the station.

Saturday.

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful in that which is much."—ST. LUKE XVI. 10.

A MAN told me that he was walking on a footpath in front of a blind man, and came upon a piece of orange peel. He said to himself that he ought to pick it up, lest it should cause the blind man to stumble. He did not do so, however; and never was he so ashamed in his life, he said, as when, on looking back, he saw the blind man picking up the orange peel, which he had discovered with his stick, and putting it off the path. He, though blind, was doing what the seeing man should have done. One man has little knowledge, but he is wiser unto salvation than many philosophers. Another puts his small income to better account than do some millionaires. A third is naturally stupid, but he trades so well with his one talent that, in the long run he beats his better-endowed rivals.

"I Saw His Blessed Old Face."

A day or two after the General's meeting in Minneapolis, the gentleman who owns the property in which the Provincial Officer and his family live, called to see them. The said landlord is very much afflicted with deafness, but he made up his mind to hear the General if at all possible, but owing to the enormous multitudes that crowded the church he was quite unable to secure a front seat. When asked by Mrs. Stillwell whether he heard the General, he replied, "No, but I saw his blessed old face."



THE CHILD.

"When Mary sang to Him, I wonder if
His baby hands stole softly to her lips,
And, smiling down, she needs must stop her song
To kiss and kiss again His finger tips.

I wonder if, His eyelids being shut,
And Mary bending mildly over Him,
She felt her eyes, as mothers do to-day,
For very depth of love grow wet and dim.

Then did a sudden presage come to her
Of bitter looks and words and thorn-strewed street?
And did she catch her breath and hide her face
And shower smothered kisses on His feet? Bertha Woods.



The Head of Heads

by the Editor

THE most fruitful theme which for centuries has engaged the brush of the masterpainters of all nationalities and schools, has been the face and figure of Christ, the incarnate Son of God, whose matchless character and eventful life appeal strongly to the highest ideals and the deepest emotion of mankind.

Every child to-day is familiar with the picture of Jesus. It may be found in all the grades of productions which are embraced between the cheapest picture-book which delights the baby's eye, and the most expensive edition of the printer's art. We see Him depicted as babe in the manger, as boy in the Temple, as man in all the numerous incidents of His ministry recorded in Scripture, beginning with the baptism by John in Jordan to the crucifixion, and as the risen Saviour from Easter morn to His ascension.

The question has naturally been asked frequently: "Is the face of Christ so familiar to us that we recognize in it, wherever we see it, in painting or print, the real likeness of the Man Jesus, who was the incarnation of the Son of God, or is it entirely the creation of the artist's imagination?"

This question has been answered at various times by several eminent people, who made it a study of years. To attempt anything like a thorough examination of such evidences which may be found of the earliest efforts to perpetuate a likeness of Jesus is not within our scope, nor is it a question that would likely be of sufficient interest to Salvationists to worry over, or waste much time in seeking a solution. But it may be of interest to know that an exhaustive work by a renowned artist which gives reproduction of the earliest likeness of Christ, supposed to have been made by persons who had seen Christ, and tracing the face from those through all the best paintings of the centuries which have passed by since, offers fair evidence that there has been an honest attempt to adhere to the likeness which has been originally made by persons knowing the original. There is no doubt that even among the heads of Christ contained in the illustration, on the next page, considerable similarity exists. If these faces were shown, each separately, to any man, woman, or child, there would be but few who would not immediately reply, "It is the likeness of the Saviour."

The face is a strong indication of character. The thoughts which exercise the brain control, fashion, expand, or contract every facial muscle, and although cunning and hypocrisy may study to so control the expression of the countenance that a superficial observer may be deceived, yet even cunning and hypocrisy will eventually leave its imprint upon the man. Goodness, kindness, gentleness, charity, hope, temperance, unselfishness—in short, pure love for others—has nothing to conceal, however, hence we speak of the purest character as being *transparent*. Their qualities shine through their faces, and beam through their eyes, and their thoughts appear to be visible through their foreheads. Jesus, judged from the point of His being truly man while in the flesh, was the highest type of man. His character was the perfection of the human goal, for He was the Son of God, truly God in the flesh, the type of man God wants every man to attain to.

Christ is, in the first place, our Saviour, who bought the freedom of every soul and holds in His keeping the pardon of every human being who will seek it. He is, however, not only the Redeemer, but also the pattern of mankind, leaving us by His life a glorious example for us to imitate, for by becoming one of the human family, one like us in certain limitations of the flesh, in temptations and sufferings, He formed our imperishable pattern.

While we daily seek to copy Christ intelligently, we shall increase our spiritual light, and become saviours of others, our characters will bear the resemblance of Jesus and reflect His spiritual image clearer day by day. But our inner being cannot grow into the likeness of Christ without having also effect upon our features to some extent.

We often find, in cases where man and wife have lived in harmony of mind and heart for years, finding comfort and happiness chiefly in each other, that their faces, with every advancing year, grow to resemble each other more and more, till the aged couple may be taken for brother and sister rather than husband and wife. Harmony of thought and wishes, sympathy in emotions, and the constant unselfish effort to please the other has indelibly impressed itself upon the face. So the man who serves God in love, and strives to do as he conscientiously believes Jesus would have him do, will so occupy his mind with holy and useful thoughts that their radiation will alter his very expression, his face becoming "beautiful with salvation."

Let us strive then to seek to live so that the careless, godless, loveless, sham-ridden, pleasure-seeking throng of sinners, groping in spiritual ignorance, crippled by vice, diseased by sin, may see in us, in our actions, in our speech, in our very appearance, the disciples of Christ, the lovers of their soul, and the ones to whom they can turn without disappointment as the poor, the sick, and the sinful turned to Christ for help, healing, and forgiveness.

Then when this life will come to its finish, and our souls awake in the glory of the Perfect Day, we know we shall awake in His likeness.—B.F.

Awakened Memories.

The church was brilliantly illuminated with a thousand dazzling lights which made the whole interior of that magnificent edifice as bright as earth at mid-day. The building was crowded with Christians—it was fitting they should congregate in such large numbers to commemorate the birth of their Saviour. Promptly at 7 p.m. the choir of fifty voices began to sing in the most delightful harmony:

"Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,

The Saviour promised long;

Let every heart prepare a throne,

And every voice a song."

while the audience listened reverently. Holy influences swept over the gathering. The hymn ended, the pastor poured out his soul to God in a fervent and forcible manner. Saints responded. Freshly were all reminded of the sacrifice of heaven's priceless treasure, and hearts were lifted to God in the spirit of the deepest gratitude for the gift.

What can be a nearer approach to an experience within the pearly gates, where we shall sing the songs of the blood-washed, than to be found with praise on our lips with God's people in God's house? Only those who have been amongst those who never voice the praises of God, and whose lives are steeped in sin, can

sufficiently value the privilege of being in the society of saints.

The subject of this sketch highly appreciated the Ruling Hand which on this Christmas night had placed him in such favorable circumstances. He professed to be a disciple of Christ, but, like Peter, followed "afar" off. His spirit was out of sympathy with the entire service. You might ask, "Was it because the music was poor?" Oh, dear, no; the singing, accompanied by the sweetest melodies from the large pipe-organ, could hardly have been better. The fact was, the discord was in his own heart. He had become a nominal Christian, whose duties had been put aside, and others left to toil were consequently carrying more than their share. Perhaps it was the remembrance of this which now made him miserable. His mind would not for more than one moment at a time content itself with the present, but uncomfortably exert itself to wander off into the past, which was, however, not altogether unpleasant except when a comparison with the present forced itself upon him. Nevertheless, chiefly by the fascination of a sweet female voice singing the above-quoted hymn, he was carried out of himself, although not for long. The solo came to an end, and in measured tone a powerful sermon was preached.

There was not anything very "Christmassy" about the text, but it went like an arrow to his heart—"Moreover it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful."—1 Cor. iv. 2. It would seem impossible for a servant of God to preach in a more practical manner. The minister's words took hold of his soul.

In the distance he could hear the thud of a drum, and a moment's reflection painted a true picture of an Army procession on his mind. A band of Salvationists were likely following its beating through the poorest streets of the neighborhood, while he could catch now and again snatches of the hymn—

"The love of Christ doth me constrain

To seek the wandering souls of men,

With cries, entreaties, tears to save,

To snatch them from the gaping grave."

"Yes," he thought, "they will stop at the corner of P. and Y. Streets for their own-air," and as the sounds of the drum suddenly ceased he concluded they had knelt to pray. A few more moments passed by, when faintly carried by a friendly breeze came the words, "For you He is calling." Oh, how his heart ached!

The leading of the Holy Spirit had been very mysterious—the sermon had touched his conscience, and finally he had heard the dear old drum calling him back to duty. You will guess he had been a Salvation Army soldier—and a useful one, too. He first of all began to neglect small duties, then greater, and finally got wrong in his soul altogether, and would become upset oftentimes over mere trifles. He drifted, that's all, and ultimately left the path God had marked out for him. He became a wandering sheep, going first to one place of worship, then another, thus wasting a life which had once been useful in the service of God.

On that Christmas night he was aroused out of his sleep of indifference, awoke again to the needs of a poor dying world. Having returned to duty's post, his present as a consequence is blessed, and the future bright.—F. M.

CONFER NOT!

Gal. i. 16.

I conferred not with flesh and with blood

When I came with my burden of sin,

But I opened the door of my heart,

And I let the dear Saviour come in.

I conferred not with flesh and with blood

When He bade be Salvationist be;

And the years that have followed have shown

That He knew what was best for poor me.

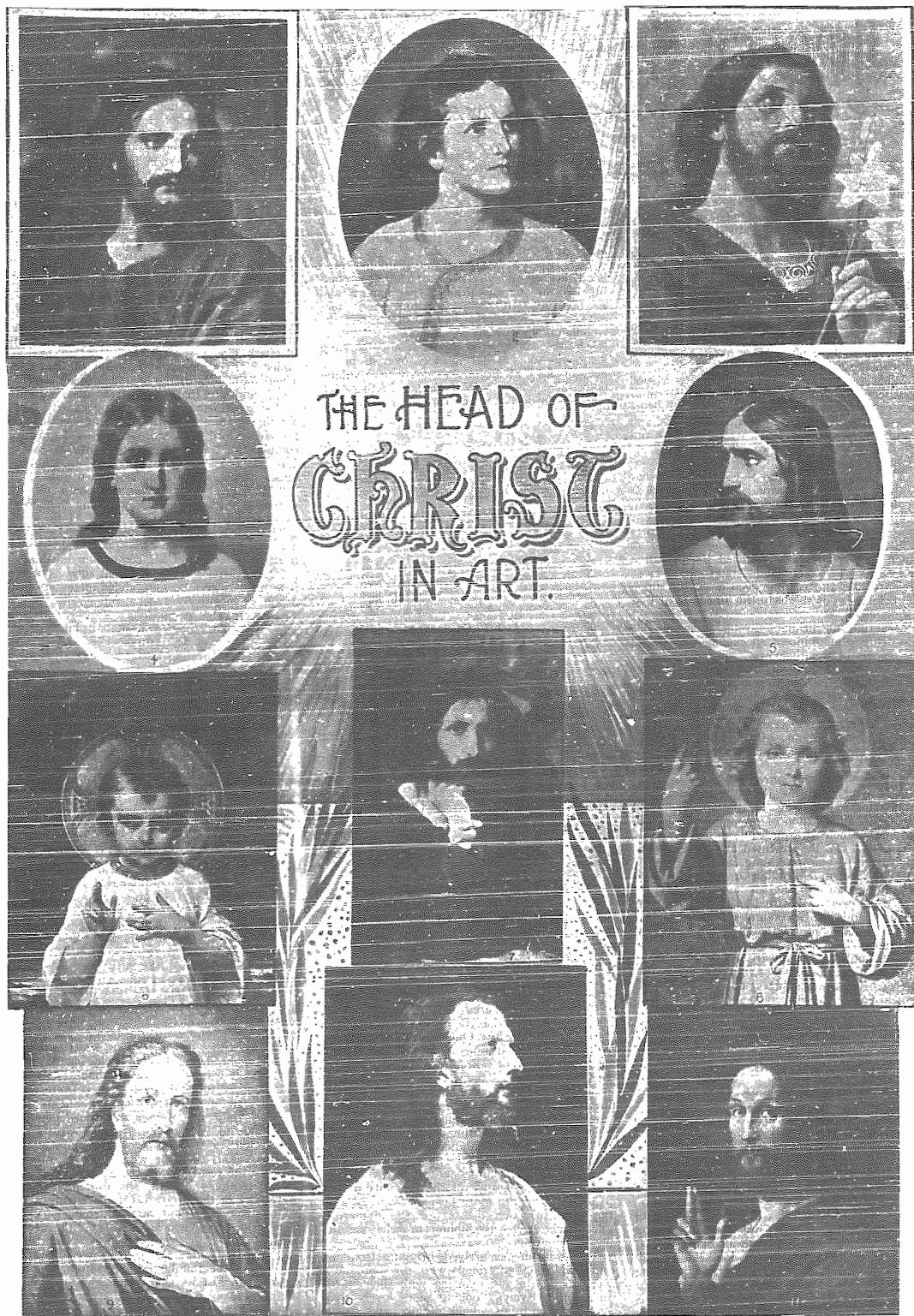
I conferred not with flesh and with blood

When I hungered for more of God's love;

So He sent the baptism of fire,

And the Holy Ghost down from above.

Adj. Phillips.



1 and 2 Heads of Christ by Hofmann (1 from the painting "Christ and the Young Ruler." 2 from "The Boy Jesus in the Temple"); 3 by Deger; 4 by Winterstein; 5 by Inbarich; 6 by E. Munier; 7 by Corniclius; 8 by Ittenbach; 9 by Hicks; 10 by Munkaevy (from the well-known painting, "Christ Before Pilate"); 11 by D ger.

THROUGH SIN'S BREAKERS

OR SAVED JUST IN TIME!

by Brigadier Pickering

CHAPTER I.



It was Levee Day. The usual crowd of sightseers, gathered outside the Royal Palace, watching with unabated interest the long stream of carriages bearing the scions of the Empire's noblest families to greet their Sovereign. They gazed with wonder on the picturesque costumes of the dark-skinned potentates from far-distant parts of the Empire, and with scarcely less interest upon the ambassadors of other nations, with their suites.

What a contrast the gorgeously-dressed courtiers formed to the hungry, ill-clad multitude, whose gaunt faces bore trace to the severe struggle with the woes, oppressions, and disappointments that had tossed them to and fro midst the whirling eddies of the torrents of human life.

This passing peep into the splendor of that "other world" they could never enter, was to the multitude as the feeble light of a small lamp, which only makes their darkness appear more dense and real, stirring in many hearts a bitter hate, because the passing sight of so much wealth and plenty caused the privation and hardness of their lot to stand out in more vivid reality, and casting even a shadow upon the brightness of the beautiful sunshine of that spring day.

Meantime the brilliant throng passed in. It was truly a magnificent spectacle; there were the leaders of wealth, power, science, art, commerce, religion, and fashion—breadth of intellect, symmetry of form—satiating the fastidious taste of the most devoted aesthetes, all assembled to pay homage to the Empress-Queen, who for sixty years had ruled so wisely and well, her millions of subjects who spoke of her with affectionate pride as "Victoria the Good."

Amongst that gay throng were some who came for the first time, their flushed, animated countenances betraying the nervousness that the joyous anticipation of the approaching realization of their dreams and ambitions could not master. To be presented at Court was the fair dream of many a young lady of fashion.

Miss Evelyn St. Clair-Greville, the fair daughter of an old English family, waited her turn to be presented with beating heart. Soon it came, and the Sovereign smiled graciously on the graceful figure that bowed before her, speaking a kind word that sent a thrill of delight through Evelyn's heart, and sent her away with a happy, flushed face, building many air-castles of future pleasures, now that she was launched into society.

Could anyone dream that life's bright morning should ever be blighted by sin's dark night?

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CHAPTER II.—THE TEMPTER.

A GRAND old manor house, in the North of England, was Evelyn's home. Built in the Elizabethan style of architecture, the stately pile towered up skyward as if conscious of its strength; its picturesque surroundings forming many an interesting connecting link between the past and present—such a home that Englishmen speak of with pride as an "Englishman's Castle."

The St. Clair-Grevilles had come over with the Conqueror, and had been soldiers of renown. Their descendants had also served their rulers with distinction, and were held in high esteem for their strong character and sterling integrity. The present master of the Manor House inherited all the noble qualities of his forefathers, and was deservedly popular with

all classes; the poor always found in him a ready listener to their tale of sorrow, and his large-hearted sympathy lightened many a heavy burden, and smoothed the rugged pathway for many of his poorer neighbors.

Here Evelyn was born and spent her girlhood, her natural sweetness of character making her the joy and pride of her parents and a favorite with the servants and tenants.

As a child, she had raced through the woodlands and meadows, gathering wild flowers by the banks of the little stream that sang its joyous song as it rippled on over its mossy bed, or flew along on her favorite Shetland pony, her golden hair streaming in the wind and her musical laughter ringing out the glad-



EVELYN PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

someness of her bird-like spirit. No cloud had ever come to cast a shadow on her bright young life; the years had rolled on, and now it seemed as if a new and more glorious vista of joy and delight was opening before her.

The villagers shared with the servants in the Hall the pride that their dear young lady had been presented to the Queen, while around the countryside preparations were being made to celebrate the event. Bonfires were to be lighted, and the quiet village was to be aroused from its usual placidity by merry-making and feasting, the liberality of the Squire scattering with lavish hand the gold to make possible the rejoicings as should be fitting on such an occasion.

Meanwhile the old Manor House was rapidly transformed into a veritable fairy glen. Garlands of flowers, brilliant lights and draperies changed the sombre appearance of the spacious rooms, to bring them into more perfect harmony with the beautiful, rich dresses of the numerous guests who were assembling to celebrate this important event.

The eventful day arrived, bringing from far and near troops of friends who, for some days, were to fill the old mansion with their mirth and song. Evelyn, looking more lovely than ever, but with an added dignity and grace,

stood by her mother to receive the guests, whose enthusiastic congratulations were showered upon the fond parents.

Many a young sprig of nobility cherished the hope of having the honor to escort to dinner the sweet-faced maiden, whose guests they were. To the young Earl of Tonisville, a bold and dashing young nobleman, fell this pleasurable duty, and he exerted every power at his command, to prove a brilliant and entertaining escort. He was a conversationalist of no mean ability, and Evelyn soon found herself joining heartily in the mirthful jest and brilliant repartee of the versatile society-man.

One thing did pain Evelyn, the young Earl appeared to be very fond of wine. Her father rarely partook of any, although in deference of custom, it was usually found on the dinner-table for the use of any chance guest that might drop in for dinner. Evelyn had never tasted it. Under the guidance of her old nurse, she had often read in her childhood days, the words of Solomon: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder" (Prov. xxiii. 31-32.) but she had only a very faint idea of the heart-break and eternal wreck and woe that spring from the fatal cup.

Rising with the ready ease and courtly manner that familiarity with society custom brings, the young lord proposed, with many a graceful compliment, "Our charming young hostess—Miss Evelyn," and was responded to with enthusiastic applause by the assembled guests.

"Miss Evelyn, will you not honor me by drinking a glass of wine with me?" queried Lord Tonisville.

"Oh, please excuse me, my lord, I—I—never take wine. If you will excuse me, I—I—would rather not," faltered his companion blushing.

"Now, Miss Evelyn, you will surely not refuse me on this occasion, above all others. It would be positively cruel," replied her interrogator persuasively.

The maiden hesitated, but feeling all eyes were upon her, she turned an appealing look on her mother, who said smilingly: "I don't think it would do you any harm, darling, just to have one glass."

Ah, poor mother! could your eyes but see into the future, and the awful curse that one glass would bring upon the sweet girl, now the light of your eyes; could that father but have known the bitter blast of hell's fiery breath that was destined to scorch and destroy the fragrance of the young life of the one he so often called, with flashing eyes of pride, his woodland flower, they would have risen up and swept away this arch-fiend ere its iron heel could crush the purity and happiness from this young life, so full of promise.

Evelyn yielded, and for the first time she sipped the wine. Her usual bright eyes seemed to flash a more brilliant light, and with laughter, music, dance, and song, the evening passed.

It was with a great sense of weariness and an aching head that Evelyn woke on the morrow, and it was with a very unhappy look the fond mother found her.

"You are not used to these late hours, my darling," said the mother, "I must get you something to revive you," and presently returned with a tiny glass of wine and a few biscuits. This time the wine was not refused. It seemed to restore her usual cheerfulness, and, to her mother's delight, she presently joined the guests in the pretty breakfast room.

Time passed on, and the usual round of visits were paid. Evelyn drank freely of the nectar of this world's joys and pleasures. Her Bible was neglected now; she had no time to read it. She sat in the family pew at church, but the service had lost its charm and sweetness, and she came away with the bored feeling of being

(Continued on page 26.)



WITH some difficulties and by the exercise of some snakelike motions, we made our way between towering stacks of paper, printing presses, folders, machinery, and other articles that impeded the progress in a printing office, to find Capt. Stolliker, the chief of the mailing department. We found him in a corner of the Temple basement busily engaged with the despatch of Army literature throughout this Territory, but he found time to chat with the War Cry man of the olden days when he walked under the tropical sun of the far East.

Fourteen years ago he went there with the first party of Canadian officers, who had volunteered for India, and after five years' service in that country was transferred to the work in the Island of Ceylon.

"No, we won't keep you long," we acceded the Captain when we had at last cornered him in his lair, "we don't want you to recite your entire experience as an officer—that we intend to leave for some future article in the War Cry—but to-day we desire to obtain some information about the Isle of Spices."

The Captain was ready for a talk. Yes, he had been nineteen months on the Island; only

tea, cocoa, and quinine bark are raised in abundance, generally on big estates run by Europeans, who, as a rule, are favorable to the Army, give liberally to its support, and treat their laborers very humanely."

"How did you find the Singhalese in comparison with the Hindoos?"

"The natives of Ceylon, as a rule, are friendly to us, although not as much as those of India. They are not as intelligent as the Hindoos, and harder to reach. By religion, they are chiefly Buddhists, although Mohammedans are very largely represented. The Army is doing a good work, and in parts of the Island entire villages have turned from heathenism, and their inhabitants are now Salvationists. We are especially doing a splendid work among the Tamils, who are the coolies imported from India by the managers of large estates. Ceylon is well

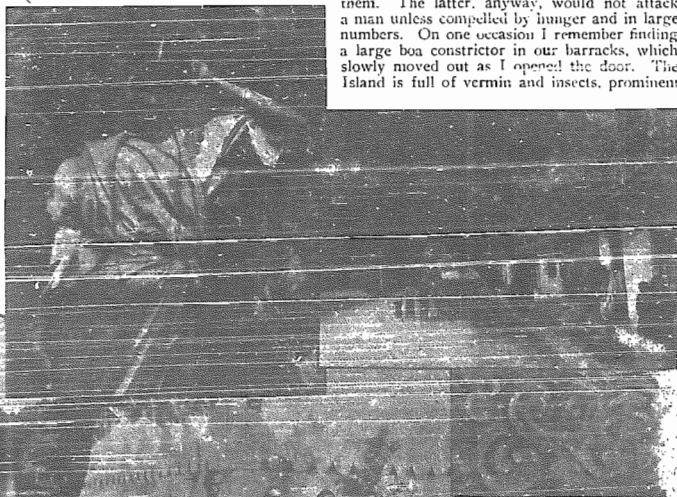
On the whole it is a much more healthy climate."

"What about the scourge of reptiles, insects, and vermin?"

"There is, I am sorry to say, an abundance of this in Ceylon. The deadly cobra especially is frequently found. In my traveling I killed once, during two weeks, no less than fourteen cobras."

"Were you not afraid of being bitten by the snakes?"

"There is not much danger if you know the habits of the cobra. It generally raises itself in the air with a swaying motion of the head, when it is approached, and before it strikes (but it cannot strike further than its own length), a firm blow on the neck with a stick will kill the snake instantly. I have also met with a bear or two, and a few jackals, but have not had any serious encounters with any of them. The latter, anyway, would not attack a man unless compelled by hunger and in large numbers. On one occasion I remember finding a large boa constrictor in our barracks, which slowly moved out as I opened the door. The Island is full of vermin and insects, prominent



A Village by the Roadside.

among them being the centipede and scorpion. I have killed hundreds of both kinds without ever being stung by one."

"Do not the natives take any measure to kill off these reptiles and insects, or to protect themselves in any way from their ravages?"

"The natives are very superstitious; in fact, the Buddhist religion protects all kinds of animals, since they be-

lieve in the transmigration of souls. That means, they believe that souls which have lived bad lives will go into different kinds of animals, sinking even down to the lowest and meanest of vermin. For instance, I once brushed off a bug which was crawling on my jacket while waiting at the railway station, and as it was of a very objectionable nature, I stepped on it and killed it. Immediately a native reproved me in passionate words, saying I did not know whose soul I might have deprived of a habitation."

"In another instance I saw a large snake, probably fourteen feet long, crawling along the roadway. I called out loudly, 'Bambuh! Bambuh!' to warn the inhabitants of its approach, but a woman coming to the door replied, 'Never mind, it's a good snake,' and still she knew it was a poisonous reptile, but she called it a good snake, hoping by such flattery the snake would be induced not to bite her."

"Do you find much drunkenness among the natives?"

"Yes, there is much consumption of native liquors, toddy and arrack, which are made out of the sap of the coconut and palmyra trees, and are very intoxicating. Then the

(Continued on page 34.)

A Tamil Maiden (Crowds of Tamils are imported from India to pick tea.)
Buddhist Priests of Ceylon.

populated. The people live mostly in villages, which are chiefly situated along the highways of the Island."

"What means of transportation are chiefly used?"

"The chief conveyance is the bullock cart, which is used for all sorts of transportation, but there are also a few ponies imported by Europeans, and then a government railroad runs throughout the Island."

"The Island is very picturesque and full of marvelous sights, we understand. Have you found it so?"

"Personally, I have never seen any more magnificent scenery than that of Ceylon, and I have heard tourists who have traveled round the world express themselves in the same manner."

"What about the health of the inhabitants? Is Ceylon much infested by epidemics and the characteristic diseases of the Orient?"

"There is much less cholera in the Island than in India, which is never without that dreadful scourge. Ceylon at least knows long seasons of entire immunity from cholera. Leprosy also is less frequently met with than in India.

One of the Roads Leading to Colombo.
Produce of Ceylon.

left because cholera and sunstroke broke down his health, and necessitated his return to a cooler climate. He had been taken sick while one hundred miles from home, and was carried in a chair by eight natives for twenty miles, then sent by railroad to the Army Headquarters.

"Did you find much difference between the countries of Indian and Ceylon?" we asked.

"Yes, there is a decided difference. Ceylon is a most fertile country, and three crops are raised, on an average, during the year, of anything that grows there. The Island has over two hundred wet days in the year, so you will see there is not the plague of drought that so devastates India. In Ceylon, fruits of every description, except apples and cherries, are raised in abundance. There are more varieties of bananas than we have species of apples in Canada. Vegetables are grown, also coffee,

Toronto's Seamy Side.

Slum Stories.

BY ENSIGN E. WHITEKER.

WE made our way into an alley-way leading to the rear houses of one of Toronto's streets. It was, oh, so dark! Was there really anyone living in a place like this? A sweet little girl ran up to us.

"Please will you come and see these poor children?"

Certainly we would.

Emerging from the tunnel-like passage, we entered a small back yard, climbed a flight of rickety stairs—which seemed as though they would surely give way even under our light weight—and knocked at the door. No reply. We knocked again. Still no answer. Cautiously pushing open the door, we entered the wretched hovel, and when our eyes had become used to the darkness saw an old stove, a table, and an apology for a bed. Venturing further we came upon three little children huddled together in a corner of the room. They looked up in surprise, and then crouched down in the corner again, as though we would hurt them.

"Where is your mamma?" we tenderly asked.

"She's don't out," said the eldest child.

"And who is looking after you?" thinking there might be someone else in the place.

"Nobody; we dust 'looks after ourself's," and the innocent little darling looked pitiously into our face.

We spoke of a Christmas dinner. They ventured to raise their heads, and their eyes opened wide.

But, hark! There's a creeping sound. Staggering and stumbling, step by step she came—their mother. How she managed to get to the top without breaking the stairs or her bones is still a mystery to us.

She apologized because the place was "untidy." Was it ever anything else? However, she seemed glad to see us, and thought Miss Booth was very kind to provide a Christmas dinner for the children.

We left them tickets, and they ate their first Christmas dinner of turkey and plum-pudding at the Salvation Army Temple.

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IN the dark passage we could discern the figure of a woman staggering toward us, and when she came nearer saw that she carried a baby in her arms. We are always saved the trouble of introducing ourselves—our uniform does that.

"Oh, miss, I've been wanting to see you so long. You can find me a home."

Of course, she had been drinking, but it would take a great deal to make her tongue thick, and she spoke quickly. Then she leaned against the wall with a contented sigh, as though long hours of search were at last rewarded.

"Where do you live?"

"That's what I want," she said sharply, "somewhere to live. I have no home, I tell you."

"I beg your pardon, but where did you stay last night?"

"Oh, I slept in a shed, but I wouldn't like to do that again. I've been out a good many nights now. I sleep wherever I happen to be when it gets dark."

"Where's your husband?"

"Drunk, somewhere."

"And your other children?"

"There are five more, but I don't know where they are. Scattered everywhere."

Nor did she seem to care. Drink destroys even a mother's love.

Our hearts ached because we were not able to find these homeless children, but we comforted ourselves with the thought that God had touched the heart of some kind policeman, who no doubt found them, and that they were safely sheltered somewhere.

Hurriedly pencilling a note to the Matron of one of our Army Homes, we gave it to her, with directions where to go, and left her.

"PLEASE, missus, mamma says I tan do."

He had run as fast as his little legs could carry him to catch up to me.

"Tum and see her. We live in the rear."

He tugged at my coat-sleeve.

"All right, my dear, come on."

Through a narrow lane, into a dirty yard, he took me. Here was a row of tumble-down houses, each small room being occupied by half a dozen or more men, women, and children. Surely this was "the rear." I would have stopped, but the little fellow hurried me on, fearing lest he should miss his Christmas dinner at the Army. Another small passage, where there was scarcely room enough for two to walk, and we turned a corner and found ourselves at the back doors of "the rear" houses. The rear of the rear, this seemed to be.

His mother met me at the door. Glancing up the narrow staircase, I wondered if it were safe to venture in alone, when a warning gesture from the mother stopped me and made my heart beat faster.

"Hush! don't let him hear!" she whispered. She pointed to the ticket, then to the boy, and motioned me to hurry and put his name down. There were other particulars needed, and these I tried to obtain, but she was so deaf I could not make her hear without shouting, and of course I dare not do that there.

I scribbled his name and address, he grabbed the ticket and hid it under his ragged coat.

"Ah!" she said, "I have my troubles with him," pointing upstairs.

Who was he? Was he a cross dog, or a wild animal she was afraid would burst from his cage, or what? What if he did hear?

Thump! thump! thump!

He had heard and was coming. She looked frightened. My first impulse was to leave the place, but the little fellow held on to me.

Growing and muttering it came. My heart beat faster and faster and almost jumped out of its place. What was it? Not a wild beast, though looking more so than like a human being. It was this dear little boy's father drunk—that was all.

"What do you want?" he snarled, and would have struck me—and we only wanted to do them good. Quick as a flash the wife's hand was laid upon his, and she stopped the blow and motioned me to go.

The little fellow ran after me until we reached the street outside, where we could breathe freely again. I explained to him where to come, and reluctantly left him playing on the street until his father would become sober again.

And so he had a good Christmas dinner after all.

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A STOVE and table in the centre of the room, a bed in one corner, and near the small window an old wooden bench and a low stool where a man sat mending shoes. Just one room for a family of seven and a shop, and the whole presented a very grimy and neglected appearance, especially as it was Christmas Day. Four children were playing about the room, and an older boy sat near his father.

"My wife was taken to the hospital yesterday, and things are in a bad state here," said the poor man.

We extended our sympathy, made known our business at once, and asked him if he would like free tickets for the children to our Christmas dinner.

"That I would, miss; suppose they don't take men?" he queried, with a disappointed look.

"Am I too old?" quickly spoke the larger boy.

"Can I go, missus?"

"Tan I do, too, papa?"

A chorus of voices now greeted us, and four pairs of little hands clung to our skirts.

"Yes, you can all come," we were happy to say.

"Are the children especially in need of anything in the way of clothing?" we then asked, but as we glanced down at the little mitts there seemed to be no end to their needs.

"They need shoes very much," he said, looking at the little bare toes peeping out in the cold.

"Would you kindly give us their different sizes?"

He hesitated. "Sorry, miss, can't do that. You see, they never had new shoes. I always gather up old ones that other people cast away, and mend them for my children—but this is asking too much of you, miss."

We assured him we would do what we could, and with a "God bless you" proceeded on our way, thanking God that we were able to bring a little Christmas cheer into this poor man's home by giving them a good substantial dinner and a nice parcel of warm clothing, not forgetting an assortment of shoes.

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HER eyes were bloodshot, her face swollen and flushed with habitual drinking, and an ugly cut over her left eye told the sad tale of a recent drunken squabble. Indeed she was the most unlikely-looking creature to ever have been one of God's saints.

"Oh, sister, I'm so glad you've come," she said, and without giving us a chance to speak continued: "I do like the Salvation Army; they are doing a great deal of good."

Then, as if a sudden overwhelming sense of her past failures and sins came sweeping down upon her, she burst into a flood of tears.

The words of hope and comfort we would have spoken were abruptly stopped when she said between her sobs:

"I—belonged—to them—once."

Surely our ears deceived us, and we questioned with surprise, "Were you a Salvationist?"

"Yes, I was a soldier in the Army. Oh, how happy I was then! But I left and got married, and this is the result," she said bitterly. Then she told us her sad story.

"He seemed good, as far as I could judge; of course he was not a soldier, but I thought that did not matter. He was not even saved, but he promised me he would give himself to God and do right if I would only marry him. I believed him (fool that I was) and left the beautiful, holy, useful path that God had led me into. Soon after we were married he commenced to drink. I pleaded with him, but it was no use. The once kind husband was soon changed into a demon through the curse of drink, and he began to abuse me. Oh, how I regretted the step I had taken! But it was too late. My sin was always before me, I could not get away from it, and my backslidings so haunted me that I thought I would go mad, and to drown my sorrow and remorse I began to drink too. O God! it is possible I have come to this?"

We spoke to her of Christ, the only hope for the backslider, and reminded her that we were celebrating His coming into the world on that Christmas Day.

"Christmas! There's no Christmas for the likes of me," she interrupted. "He's drunk the same as any other day, and when he brings the whiskey home my craving for the stuff is so strong that I cannot leave it alone, and we drink together, and quarrel, and fight; and that's how we spend our Christmas."

"Don't speak to me of Christ," she cried fiercely, "my sin is too great for forgiveness. There's no hope for me. I'm lost, lost, lost!"

A backslider's Christmas! Could anything be more heart-rending?

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"IT'S a good thing God sends somebody to the likes of us." It was the mother of a large family who spoke, as we stepped into the neglected-looking place they called home.

Seven children, no money, nothing to eat except what they go and beg on the streets! Drink again.

"I've seen better times," she continued, "When we were married I had some money, and started my husband in business, but he drank it all. He even drank the horse and wagon I bought for him, and now he's drinking the furniture. He works sometimes, but drinks nearly all the money he gets. So here we are. Oh, it's a mercy God sent you along to-day. I was well-nigh discouraged." Her tears fell fast. "It's so good of you to look after us."

Seven more pairs of eyes fastened on such a Christmas dinner as they had never before seen in their lives. Seven more craving appetites were more than satisfied with the good things provided. Seven more thanked God for the Salvation Army.

Tim Tallman's Transformation;

Or, Sold His Wife for Twenty-five Cents.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL A. GASKIN.

SCENE I.

SUCH a lovely Christmas morning! The sun shone out brightly. The ground was covered with a thin carpet of snowy white. There was just a breath of frost in the air, which made outdoor exercise a positive delight. The happy band of Salvationists who had gathered at the street corner sing with sweet, strong voices, to the cornet and drum accompaniment, the time-hallowed lines:

"Hark! The herald angels sing,
Glory to our new-born King!"

A few men and boys had gathered on the sidewalk; others stood leaning up against the hotel at the corner of the street, while passers-by, hurrying to church, would occasionally pause to look and listen, and then hurry on again. Down the street a few men and women had come to their doors and were looking out. And the singing went on, followed by testimony and more singing.

Tim Tallman and his wife Jenny, with young Tom and little Sallie, occupied one of the cottages. The singing had awakened Tim out of a stupid, drunken sleep. Raising himself on his elbow, from the mattress lying on the floor—for bed they had none—he yelled with stentorian voice:

"Are them fools howling again? I'd like to drown the whole howling lot! Disturbing folk with their howling and howling! 'Nuff to drive a man straight crazy, specially when his mouth is as sticky as a glue-pot and his head is all sixes and sevens, and he don't know where he is. Tell 'em to shut up, do! Where was I last night, Jenny? What time did we come home? I cannot remember for the life of me. Guess I got quite a load on. Got any coffee in the house, cause I want my breakfast, and if it ain't ready blooming quick you will have a slap in the eye, and no words about it."

"Shut your mouth," yelled Jenny, "or else I'll shut it for you. If you don't want my fist crammed down your throat, just mind your own business! Now then!"

Tim raised himself from the mattress, scrambled into his few ragged clothes, then looked at his face in the broken glass. There was a cut down the side of his nose. His left eye was highly discolored. He had been in a drunken brawl the night before with Jenny, who had thus "painted" his features.

Tim was a pugilist, or had been: a fine, strong, stalwart fellow of nearly six feet, with broad shoulders and manly chest. For nearly twenty years he had scuffled, and punched, and fought, and drank, and swore, and lived the life of a wild beast, until at forty Tim got married and professed to settle down. The expenses of the wedding were paid out of the money Tim won in a prize fight, and he appeared before the clergyman to make his marriage vows with a pair of beautiful black eyes. Immediately after the ceremony was over they, with their friends, repaired to a saloon and drank to each other's health (?)

The first night of their wedded life they had a fight, for Jenny could fight almost as well as Tim, and delighted in a scrap equally as much as he.

After Tim was married he began to go down the hill faster than ever. He almost lived in the saloons. Sometimes he did a bit of work—not often—and the money thus earned was quickly squandered in drink. Sometimes they paid the house rent; sometimes they did not, and the landlord was afraid to turn them out. Furniture, they had none, except a few broken articles, which included one chair. When Jenny sat on that Tim occupied a seat on a box, and often in their drunken condition, the right as to who should sit on the chair led to serious quarreling.

Tim was described as a "terror and disgrace" to the whole community. Jenny was termed a "she-cat," had a temper like a prairie fire, a word and a blow. The two little children were left uncared for to do as they liked, receiving but scant attention from their parents.

Tim was now forty-six and had been married six years—and such years!

The open-air meeting was drawing to a close. The Captain prays. Tim slinks down to the door just to have a look at 'em, although when he first heard the Army singing he would have committed them to the dark abode of His Satanic Majesty. When Tim saw the procession form up he felt sorry they were going, and in his heart he wished he could do better and "quit the drink."

That hallowed Christmas found Tim and Jenny once again deeply under the influence of liquor as they staggered to their wretched home, after a night of debauch.

SCENE II.

A YEAR has passed away. There is little or no improvement in Tim Tallman's home, and certainly none in the life of Jenny and himself, although often and often Tim had heard over again, echoing in his memory, the singing of that Christmas morning a year ago, and as often resolved to be a better man.

It is Christmas time again. Tim and Jenny have been before the Magistrate this very morning for being drunk and for fighting. After paying a small fine they are "bound over to keep the peace for six months." In order to seal the contract they adjourn to the "Black Horse" and imbibe freely in spirituous liquors.

Late in the afternoon Tim wants some money and Jenny won't give it to him. They soon get to hot words, and without further delay there is a "breach of the peace," and Jenny and Tim are at it hammer and tongs, until Jenny seizes a jug and smashes Tim right in the face, cutting it badly. The result is that they throw down their arms of warfare and turn their attention to imbibing more liquor, each expressing a maudlin regret for "acting like a fool" while once more shaking hands.

"Hark! What is that? A drum—a cornet—singing! Why, there's the Army, Jenny. Let's go and hear 'em."

"Oh, let's go, Tim."

Outside they staggered, and then reeled up against the corner of the saloon. The singing ceased. Somebody prays. The male soldiers take off their caps. Tim does likewise.

"Put on your hat, you fool," yells Jenny.

"Shut up, or I'll give you a smash in the jaw," replied Tim. "Why can't you behave yourself and listen?"

The prayer ended. The soldiers sing again:

"And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

Tim listened intently. Jenny is engrossed. A young lassie testifies in simple, telling manner.

"Oh, yes, there's salvation for you," is lifted by the lusty voices—"Salvation for all kinds of sinners."

Tim is deeply moved. Conviction is piercing his hard heart. Jenny asks him what he thinks of it, to which he replies snappishly:

"Shut up and listen, can't you?"

A grey-haired man steps into the ring and speaks with trembling voice:

"Friends, you all know me. You know the life I lived. You know the drunken wretch I once was. I was a disgrace to my wife and children, and to the town in which I lived. I was a poor, hopeless wreck of a drunkard, but God saved me."

A chorus of "Amens" from the soldiers.

"He has washed me. He has made me clean in His own precious blood."

"Glory be to God! Hallelujah!" shout the soldiers.

"And what He has done for me He can do for everybody else who will let Him."

"Amen! Amen!" reply his comrades.

Tim is thinking—thinking more seriously than he has done for twenty-five years. Then he turns to Jenny, with tears in his eyes.

"If God Ormighly can save drunken Ben Hiarion, then God Ormighly can save me."

The open-air meeting finishes. The Captain invites everybody to come to the meeting—"Just as you are. Never mind your Sunday best." And away they go, singing to the beat of the drum.

"I am going to the Army," says Tim.

"And so am I," replies Jenny.

And with unsteady gait they follow in the wake of the procession to the Salvation Army barracks.

Tim and Jenny sat and listened most eagerly, drinking in the words of testimony and of exhortation from the soldiers and officers. When the invitation is given for sinners to come to the mercy seat, Tim rises and makes his way to the platform. No, for before he reaches it he falls down and in the agony of his soul prays for God to have mercy upon him. Jenny follows.

What wrestling and struggling! It seems the light will never break in their dark hearts. But the soldiers are brave. For two long hours they sing and pray. The devil tortures and tempts, and tells Tim and Jenny they cannot do without the liquor—they cannot stand—they will be as bad as ever again—it's no use trying. But at last prayer and faith prevail and the light of salvation streams in. The burden rolls away. The blood of Jesus Christ flows o'er their hearts. They believe, and are saved.

And that night Tim and Jenny, accompanied by the Captain and Lieutenant, make their way to their dingy, dirty home, and for the first time since Tim had grown to years of manhood, prayer is offered before they retire for the night.

Ere they rise next morning the Captain is on hand to encourage and help them to resist the devil. And they did!

SCENE III.

A NOTHER year has passed by. What changes have taken place during the last twelve months in Tim's experience and in his home!

Tim wears an Army gaiter and cap and Jenny a hallelujah bonnet. The children attend the Junior meetings. There are three now. They have moved out of the squalid den in which they formerly lived, and have a good home. Tim is working regularly, earning good wages. He has paid off the rent arrears, and other debts. They are all happy, comfortable, well-saved blood-and-fire Salvationists.

It is Christmas night. What a joyous day it has been! The first Christmas Tim has known as a Christian, and the happiest of his whole life. How they enjoyed the morning holiness meeting! What a Christmas dinner they had had! How the children's hearts were gladdened, and what a meeting they were having to-night!

"Give us your testimony, Tim," says the Captain. "Tell us how you are getting on."

Tim slowly rises and speaks with evident emotion.

"Thank God old drunken Tim's saved! When I came down to that there penitent form I wor all to pieces. My clothes and boots wor all to pieces. My face wor all to pieces. Jenny and me had been fighting. Before I was saved I tried to give my old woman away, but nobody would have her. I wor sold her to a fellow for a quarter's worth of 'quor, and he wor afraid to take her home. But now, glory be to God, I am saved, and Jenny saved, and the children are saved, and we are all saved." He goes on—"The Queen nor all her money wouldn't buy the happiness we have got, would it, Jenny?"

"No!" she shouted. "No it wouldn't, Tim, my lad."

Oh, what a transformation! What a change! All by the blood of the Son of God, through the efforts of the Salvation Army, old things have passed away and all things have become new.

And do they stand? Why, yes, they do! Fifteen years have passed away and Tim and Jenny are thorough-going Salvationists. Little Tom, grown to manhood, is Bandmaster of the corps, and the other children are Junior Soldiers.

How wonderful! And what God did for Tim Tallman, his wife and family, He is able to do for whosoever will.

Editorials.

The War Cry's Greetings.

THE War Cry believes heartily in the good old-fashioned way of wishing its large constituency of readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. A merry spirit is a great treasure if coupled with a tender heart, and Christmas, above all days, is an anniversary to cause the greatest rejoicing throughout Christendom. Let us royally celebrate the birthday of the King of kings by seeking to make some poor soul happy, some sorrowing one glad, or lead some soul to the world's Redeemer.

Our Officers.

THE City of Toronto, where the Headquarters of the Salvation Army for this Territory is located, is the most central city for this purpose, considering that the overwhelming majority of corps is in the eastern portion of it, and that the largest number of officers can be gathered together at less expense than at any other point.

So, although the General conducted Officers' Councils at St. John, N.B., for the benefit of the officers stationed in the east, and another series of councils for those who are in appointments throughout the North-West and at the Pacific Coast at Winnipeg, Man., the chief gathering took place at Toronto, where between 300 and 400 officers assembled to greet their great Chieftain and to catch the inspiration of his personality.

By an arrangement with a photographer, we were able to have a groupe, which appears on these central pages, taken. It contains most of the officers present at the Toronto Councils, and is the largest groupe of this description ever taken.

Since Last Christmas.

DURING the twelve months which have passed since last Christmas, the Salvation war has been going on in every part of the large Territory with uprelenting vigor. On the whole, there has been progress and consolidation.

Among the special events of the year the recent visit of the General takes the lead. From St. John to Winnipeg, the tour has been one of untarnished success, and has easily eclipsed all previous records. The places visited by the General were St. John, Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Hamilton, London, Woodstock, Toronto, Grand Forks, and Winnipeg. The entire field prays that God may long spare our great Leader, and bring him back for another visit at an early date.

The Special Efforts included Christmas Dinners for the Poor, and the Oakville Fresh-Air Camp. Free Christmas Dinners were given at Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, Hamilton, Spokane, and Chatham. Nearly four thousand persons were benefitted by them, and many poor children made happy by gifts of warm clothing, footwear, and toys. The Fresh-Air Camp reached about 300 of the most deserving children of Toronto, and was a huge success. Upon both enterprises the public press commented freely and most favorably.

The Annual Efforts include the Siege, Harvest Festival and Self-Denial Week, the results of which have been gratifying, and will

be given in detail in future issues preceding the re-occurrence of these efforts in 1903.

New Barracks have been opened at Nelson, B.C., Sudbury, Calgary, and Sault Ste. Marie, in the latter place we have begun our work only during the past year.

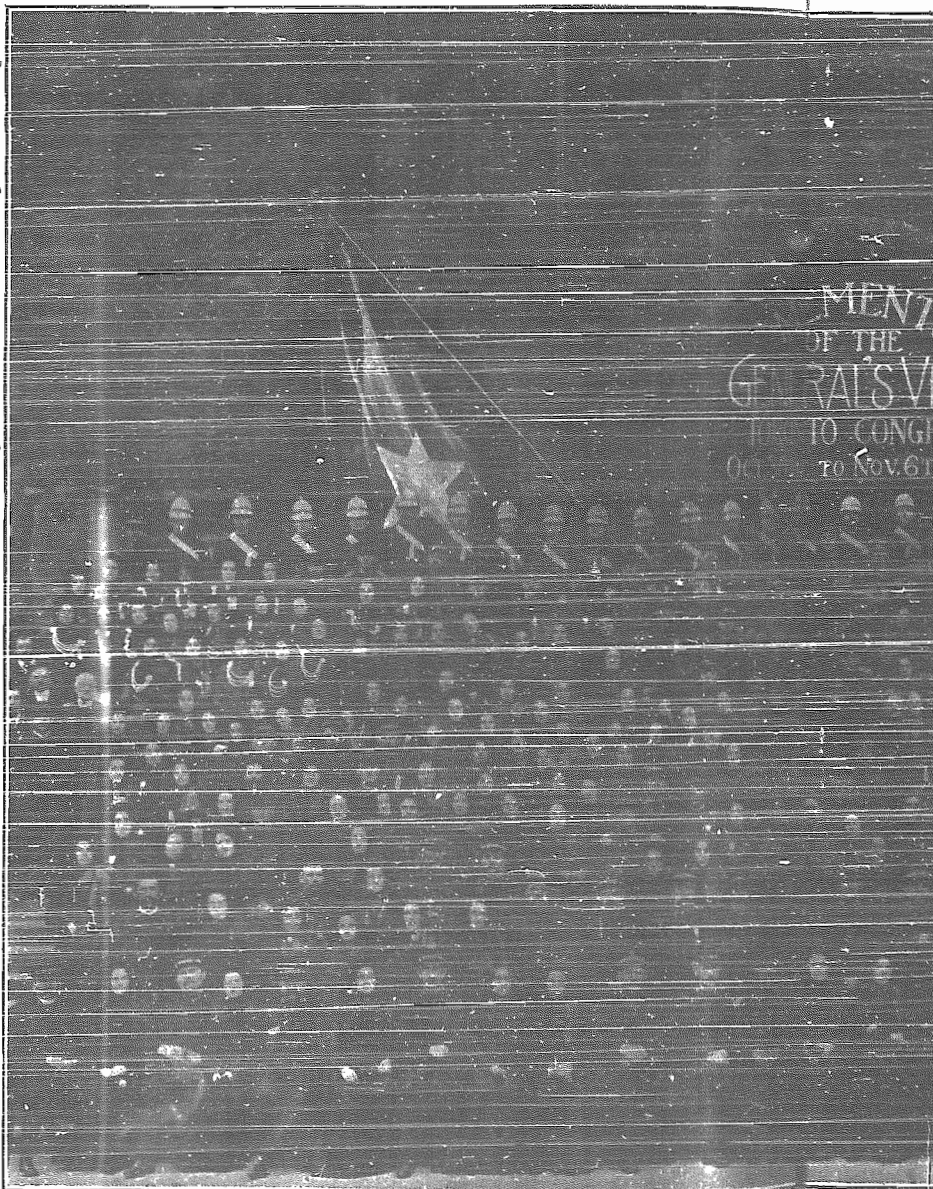
The Commissioner has given considerable time to public work. She visited, early in the year, Orillia, Kingston, Picton, Owen Sound and Ottawa. Then the tour of the Commissioner through the North-West and Pacific Provinces took in a large number of places. It meant no less than 8,000 miles' traveling, and showed visible results in 350 men and women coming to the penitent form.

Among the officers the promotions during the

year were too numerous to be recorded here; they include all the ranks from Lieutenants to Lieut.-Colonels. Marriages have brought help-meets to Adjts. Cameron and Orchard, and Ensigns Hoddinott, Staiger, and Jarvis, all of whom are of age and old and tried officers. May they continue to be successful leaders as well as prove good husbands.

To Foreign Service Canada has given for the Indian field Capt. Gross, a promising young officer.

Heaven has claimed Mrs. Brigadier Horn. Mrs. Ensign Jones, Capt. Pattenden, and Capt. Windsor, of Newfoundland. Sorrowing, we realize they are not lost to us; we shall meet them again upon the fields of Paradise.



Group of About Three Hundred and Fifty Staff and Field Officers and Cadets

We must not forget to mention the introduction of the new Central Training Home Scheme, which had its first session from February 1st to July 1st, and began its second session on September 12th with over fifty Cadets. The training of the first batch of Lieutenants has been such a great improvement upon the old plan that we can only rejoice over this great step toward the training of efficient leaders for the field. A new building, to be the home of the Cadets, is about completed, and we expect shortly to give a photo of the new edifice in the War Cry.

What accomplishments shall we, by the blessing of God, be enabled to register next year? We know not, but we have faith, and even more tangible reasons, to believe that they will not be behind the record of 1902. Onward, is our motto.

"Chapters from Genesis."

UNDER this caption we publish in this special issue some incidents of the early days of the Salvation Army in this country, and propose to continue the publication of similar incidents under the above title through future issues. There are many old officers and soldiers in this country who recollect many a good story of the early days, and to those Salvationists we would especially appeal to put into writing their tales and forward them to the Editor, marking the manuscript, "Chapters from Genesis." Let there be a willing and ready response. Be not too particular about your style; use simple words, and write it in the same style as you would tell it to others.

Faith.

(To Our Supplement.)



WE can, with pardonable pride, look back over the many supplements issued in connection with special numbers of the War Cry, copies of which may be found upon the walls of thousands of homes across the continent, but we believe that the present Christmas supplement will meet with greater approval than any other.

The trio of beautiful and soulful illustrations were painted by a well-known German artist, Walter Firlde, and are entitled by him, "Der Glaube," which means "Faith." It requires some thoughtful study of the pictures to see the full meaning of the title.

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FAITH LOOKING FORWARD.

In the first picture we see the Virgin Mary, having received the annunciation of the angel; her mind with holy ecstasy contemplates the angel's prophecy: "That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Her innocent mind never questioned the angel's words, but in faith she looked forward to the literal fulfilling of the predicted event.

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FAITH IN THE PRESENT.

Our central illustration shows the grandest event of this world's history: the birth of Jesus, the Son of God, in the stable. The mother is indescribably happy. The child is like other infants. He manifests no unusual capacities; He sleeps, cries, feeds, and acts like a healthy child would. There is no halo around His head, no special sign of intelligence in the eye. He does not turn to notice the adoring shepherds, nor the worshipping kings. Only the light of the lantern attracts and holds His eye. Yet Mary knows her child is the promised Messiah. Angels have heralded it to the shepherds, the star interpreted it to the wise men, and the poor of this world are the first to worship at the crude cradle of the world's Redeemer. Faith, purest and strongest, is more frequently found in the hut than the palace, even at this present time.

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FAITH LOOKING BACKWARD.

Mary is alone again. For a time circumstances seemed to have conquered the favor of the populace, which, less than two weeks ago, had sung hosannas. But, although men have turned against her Son, those healed and blessed by Him have forgotten, or were afraid to speak, even though Death has claimed the mortal body, Mary has unwavering faith in the Holy Spirit which has brought to her soul the evidences which the senses missed. She knew, though the prophesied sword had pierced her heart, it was all in the ordained plan of the world's salvation, and she never doubted the working of the Holy Spirit in it all.

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Oh, for more faith! Would that we daily uttered from the depth of our soul's yearning that prayer, "Increase my faith!"

Faith is the telescope of the soul that sees afar off the fulfilment of the things hoped for, which present evidence points out as impossible.

Faith is the reflector that sees in every fulfilled promise the greater possibilities of the future.

Faith is the eye that pierces through the darkest cloud of affliction, disappointment, betrayal, or apparent failure, and sees beyond it, nay, in it, the hand of God, the working of His Spirit, the purpose of Providence.

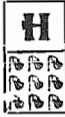
O Lord, increase our faith!



and Field Officers and Cadets who Attended the General's Councils at Toronto.

Wainwright's Wooing

BY A. L. P.



HE put it down to its being Christmas Eve, but then when a man has to blame somebody, and that real somebody is himself, he generally seizes upon the first innocent thing he can find for the offender.

She, with womanly difference, declined to put it down to anybody at all, and said it was an intervention of Providence on her behalf.

And this was most galling of all.

"Civil Hugh," as his workmates called him, partly in view of his line of toil and partly in view of his innate politeness, was the leader of his gang. His course had been one of uninterrupted success from the day he entered as an apprentice to the hour he was made foreman—an unfortunate hour, the latter, for upon it hung the issue of his downfall. The master has purposely saved this tit-bit of information, thinking that it would be a spicy item to announce at such a season, for the promotion was substantial as well as one of honor.

Hugh's heart swelled with pardonable pride, as the manager bespoke his confidence and pleasure, but it swelled still more at thought of announcing the good news that night in a certain corridor of the hospital. Towards this particular corridor Hugh's feet were always turning, and if the sweet-faced nurse whom he met there treated him as a patient it certainly took a long time to cure whatever ailment might be his. One of his own mates asked him solicitously one day if he had no hopes of ever ending his visits to that palace of pain. Hugh said he thought he might, but that his ailment was incurable.

To-night he had planned to tell the pretty nurse the reason of his constant visits, and what the purport of his varied schemings in the little home of which somehow her unseen presence had long been the centre of all. Not that she did not know quite well what he wanted to say—every blossom of the delicate pansies which lay upon her breast told her their donor's story—every word of earnest enquiry as to the health of some refractory patient asked quite different information, and sometimes Hugh fancied that in her bright eyes he read an answer her mouth had never confessed.

Of course she was ten times too good for him—loved her Bible, prayed by her patients, and all that, but he loved her the better for it, despite his own shapeless creed.

Outside the factory gates Joe Merrill was waiting, a man of coarser build, and the only soul who grudged Hugh his new position; a group of the raffia of the place standing around.

"Hello, mates, hats off to the new foreman," rang out Joe, "he's going to stand treat for the lot."

This was the last thought in Hugh Wainwright's mind. He was not a drinking man, and shrank from encouraging it in others, knowing well that he had a skeleton thirst which his strong will kept in chains, but rather than look mean, he led the way to the nearest saloon.

An hour later, a dishevelled figure, with a bunch of pansies in his hand, started with unsteady steps in the direction of Saint Jerome's Hospital. Joe Merrill watched the figure till it was out of sight, and then turning on his heel with a smile of demonaical satisfaction, "Guess the foreman's mine and the girl safe enough after to-night," was all he said.

Eight p.m. and the hospital was very quiet—Susie Newell thought it exceptionally so as she finished her rounds, prepared the final bowl of gruel, and smoothed the last pillow for the night. Perhaps it was that all evening a step she had listened for had never come, and although it was Christmas Eve, her mood was rather grave than gay.

Suddenly ascending the steps she heard an

uncertain tread—it must be some new patient for the accident ward. Thinking she might be needed, Susie hurried forward. As she did so a familiar but dilapidated figure swung itself up by the balustrade. At sight of her the intoxicated man lurched forward, and in a thick voice said:

"Rather late, but b-etter late than n-ever. Sue."

The house surgeon stood beside her. He put his hand on the wrist of the drunkard, and with something like a sneer, which we must forgive him—for he, too, had admired the pretty nurse—although Susie did not forgive, said:

"Your friend, the engineer, I presume, nurse." "The engineer, but not my friend," was Susie's reply, the soft-spoken utterance of a breaking heart, but the only part of that night's miserable experience which returned to the sobered and distraught memory next morning.

On the evening of the 24th of December Hugh Wainwright left his work an honored man and a happy one—on the morning of the 26th he left the same gates a disgraced man and a disappointed one. The loss of his situation and of his sweetheart in forty-eight hours is a heavy blow to any man—it nearly killed Hugh Wainwright.

With the temporary success which sometimes favors evil, the man who had planned his ruin, and who was his rival in a double sense, secured Hugh's place, but not his sweetheart; her trust had been lost with one stroke, but was not so easily won by another.

The Shelter crowd was astonished, and looked it. The man before them was of a different order to any of them—what business had he there that evening? But the Captain with that keen eye for faces which seems to be the prerogative of the Salvationist, recognized a convert, who, in degradation and despair, but a short time ago had knelt at that very penitent form. Permission for a word was asked and granted, and the motley crowd looked up at the tall, commanding figure, as the stranger said:

"Boys, two months ago I knelt at that penitent form a ruined man—I had lost my good name, and with it everything that made life worth living. You all know how it is when a man is down, how everybody seems to try and give him another shove. ("Right you are there, matey, it's me that knows it," from a besotted individual who looked as if his own hand had had much to do with the shoving.) I wandered into the building without a hope in the world, and on the verge of committing suicide. Something took hold of me—I did not know till after it was the Spirit of God—hope worked in my heart. "I came here," pointing to the penitent form, "and found pardon for the past, courage for the present, and hope for the future. Men, I want to tell you, don't be afraid of making a new start: here's the man," laying his hand on the Captain's sleeve, "that will see you through. It wasn't a day before he had me in a situation where I regained my lost character, and to-day I am at my old job, and on a fair way to success—best of all, my prospects are still A 1 for heaven. I've one thing more to say, that is my life is God's and the Army's to pick up what I was when God and the Army found me."

It was a thrilling testimony, and its earnest ring produced an immense effect upon the Shelter. Hugh Wainwright's rescue had been indeed a reality, and more than one man that night registered vows on earth to follow his lead to heaven.

"Disagreeable night," said the policeman, "Wonder anyone being out who don't have to."

"Do you?" smiled Hugh Wainwright under the dripping rim of his Army cap. "Well, my business brings me out in all weathers, and sometimes in the worst I have the best times of all."

"Strange folks," muttered the policeman as he passed on, "but they make less work for me anyway, and sometimes I think they keep the angels busy."

Hugh walked on whistling, "His blood can make the vilest clean." Though there were

bitter memories in his past, his heart was light, for he knew God was with him, and the future, though shadowed, must be well. Suddenly his foot stumbled against an object lying on the sidewalk.

"Ha!" he ejaculated, "one of my specialties, I guess."

It was indeed, for as he turned the drink-bearer countenance towards the light he almost let it fall back, for it was his old-time enemy and erstwhile workmate, Joe Merrill. Never since the day Hugh walked out of the engineering shop, a ruined man, had the two met—it would have been dangerous in the old days.

Now Hugh only turned the figure so as to shelter it from the rain, muttering, "Thank God I have found him—but for His aid I might be lying where he is now."

Merrill was indeed in a plight. His heavy fall had knocked him senseless, and the blood was oozing from the terrible gash in his forehead. Hugh got out his handkerchief, but its appliance did not stop the crimson flow. He looked up in despair. The dreary street was deserted save for one woman under an umbrella. "No good asking her," mentally ejaculated Hugh. "She'd likely faint at the sight of blood or scream—anything but help the poor fellow," and he turned to the bungling of his bandage again.

But the footsteps had stopped, the big umbrella was by his side, and a timid voice asked: "Perhaps I can help the poor man—I am a hospital nurse."

Then all the world spun round, and Hugh thought that the water on his cap must have gone to his brain. But it was no phantasmagoria. It was Susie Newell, in the well-remembered uniform, and a glittering brooch of shining tin gleaming at her throat.

The bandage was a troublesome one and took a long time to fix, but somehow they fixed it up between them, and the ambulance conveyed the whole party to Saint Jerome's. There was much to tell and much to hear, but Hugh only said two words, they were not very coherent, and Susie none at all till the sick man was left in the care of doctor and nurse. Then they came out—it was the same corridor leading to the accident ward, on which Susie had waited two years ago. Both instinctively halted, the same painful memory within the mind of both. Hugh put out his hand—there was indescribable appeal in his face.

Susie, God has forgiven the past—can you?" Susie said nothing, but all that Hugh read in her face besides the sought-for forgiveness is no business of ours to conjecture.

And since the progress of that particular course becomes uninteresting to the outside world when it happens to run smooth, we will leave unwritten the second chapter of Wainwright's Wooing.



Vows of the Heavenly Kingdom.

The Kingdom of God, embracing both the redeemed in heaven and the saved upon earth, is subject to well-defined and clearly-understood laws. These are characterized by certain distinctive features which give them the impress of Divine wisdom, love and power. For example, the laws of God's Kingdom are:

1. Founded upon benevolence. Between King and subjects, as also between the subjects themselves, the law of mutual love prevails. "Moses made it clear to the Israelites that the Lord's requirements were all "for their good"—that their peace and prosperity lay along the lines of His will. It is so to-day, and ever will be.

2. They are far-reaching. Not only do they affect the outward activities of our lives, but they deal with motives and purposes, and embrace all sorts and conditions of mankind. Big as is the British Empire, its laws are confined to certain spheres; but the influences of the Divine Kingdom know no limitations.

3. Loyalty to their root-principal. This implies not only affection, but confidence, or, in other words, faith in the King. He knows what is best, and is able to deliver, guide, and protect.—Commissioner Howard.

PALESTINE CHRISTIANS by Adj. Gideon Miller

ANY passages in the Scripture compare the children of God with trees. In the first Psalm we are told the righteous man "shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, his leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." This should be a source of encouragement and inspiration to those seeking to live the life of the righteous, for blessing and prosperity shall crown the life and work of every true child of God.

There are many different kinds of trees spoken of in the Bible—green trees, withered trees, fruit-bearing trees and trees that bring not forth good fruit: cedars of Lebanon, trees of righteousness, etc. The palm tree is often spoken of in the Bible. Deborah judged Israel under a palm tree; it furnished a pattern for the carvings of the walls of the Temple of Solomon, and its branches were thrown on the road when Jesus rode His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. In the ninety-second Psalm, twelfth verse, David sings: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree."

I have often read the above verse, but did not fully grasp its meaning until stationed in Bermuda, where I saw the palm tree in all its beauty.

The palm is considered King of all Trees and of all vegetation, so the Christian is king among men. The man who faithfully follows in the footsteps of Christ is loved, honored, respected and looked up to by his workmates and those he comes in contact with.

The palm is an upright tree; it resists the attempt to press or bind it downwards, it shoots directly heavenwards. For this reason, it was regarded by the ancients as sacred, and was used as a chief decoration in their Harvest Festivals, and adorning the temples for other festivals.



PINE-APPLE PALM.

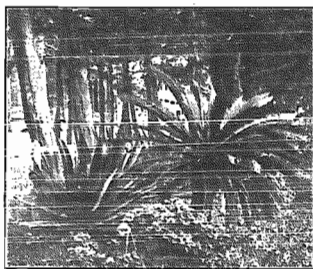
Its height, reaching in some localities 140 to 160 feet, makes it a tower of strength; and so it is with the Christian who is rooted and grounded in love; he seeks not only the things which are below, but setting his affection on things above, rises above the dwarfish things of the world, and stands straight and strong in the Lord, able to overcome the world and sin, and be able to say with the poet:

"My soul through grace on wings of faith
shall rise
Toward that dear place where my possession
lies—
That sacred land at God's right hand,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where Jesus picad and makes my cause His
own."

Drought affects the palm very little because it does not depend on moisture or outward circumstances. Where other trees will wither and die, the palm will thrive and prosper, because it has a life-giving power within itself, like the Christian who is sanctified, to whom the Father has given "the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, for it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you."—John xiv. 17.

The palm keeps on growing as long as it lives. Christianity in any life is a failure if the growth in grace is stopped; such ones are no longer fruit-bearers, but cumberers of the ground. The palm tree is a fruitful tree, and so are palm Christians. "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be My disciples."

The palm tree is beautiful and attracts the eye of the traveler and sight-seer. The man of God is an attraction, no matter what position he may hold in life, be it high or low, be he rich or poor, black or white; filled with the Spirit of Christ he will form an attraction which will be a blessing to the saved and unsaved alike. God



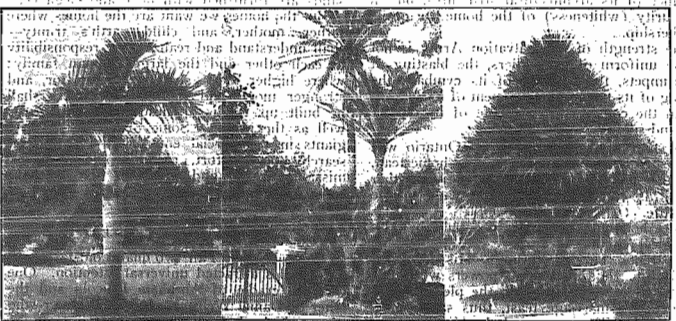
SAGO PALM.

has promised to beautify the meek with salvation.

It has been said that the Arabs are able to enumerate more than 350 uses to which the palm tree can be applied. Truly it is a serviceable tree, it supplies so many things necessary for health and happiness—food, medicine, shelter, clothing, timber, fuel, building materials: sticks, fibre, paper, starch, sugar, oil, wax, wine, tanning, dyeing material, resin, and a host of minor products, which render them most valuable to the natives and tropical agriculture.

So the sanctified followers of Jesus Christ should be of use in all the various emergencies, sorrows, bereavements, and dark conditions of those around him. Christianity must be practical to be acceptable in the sight of God and man.

"Oh, the good we all may do
While the days are going by,
Visit the sick, comfort those who mourn,
Support the weak, warn the wicked, pray for
the wandering one, tell them of Jesus the Mighty
to Save, and make the world better and
brighter for having lived in it."



YOUNG ROYAL PALM.

DATE PALMS.

SCREW PALM.



ROYAL PALMS.

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree," going from victory to victory, steadfast and true, always looking upward and always bearing fruit.

"INSTANT IN LOVE."

I might have said a word of cheer,
Before I let him go,
His weary visage haunts me yet, and I
But how could I foreknow—
The slightest chance would be the last
To me in mercy given?
My utmost yearnings cannot send—
That word from earth to heaven—
I might have looked the love I felt—
My brother had sore need
Of that for which—too shy and proud—
He lacked the speech to plead—
But self is near, and self is strong—
And I was blind that day;
He sought within my careless eyes,
And went, athirst, away,
O word, and look, and clasp withheld!
O brother-heart now stilled!
Dear life, for ever out of reach,
I might have warmed and filled
O talents missed and seasons lost,
O'er which I mourn in vain—
A waste as barren to my tears
As desert sands to pain!
Ah, friends! whose eyes to-day may look
Love into living eyes,
Whose tone and touch, perchance, may thrill
Sad hearts with sweet surprise,
Be instant, like our Lord, in love,
And lavish as His grace,
With light and dew, and manna-fall,
For night comes on apace.

Marian Harland.

HOME, SWEET HOME

BY LEUT.-COL. MRS. READ.

"And He came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth."—MATT. II. 23.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

THE watchword of the educationalist, the philanthropist, and the social reformer is, "Let us have better homes." Let us improve the home-life of the people and the prosperity of the nation is assured. The Church of God has taken up this cry, in fact all thoughtful men and women readily recognize its importance. If social conditions are to be improved we must go to the root, which is the home.

The true, but never-failing, aphorism, "A river cannot rise above its source," is applicable to the training of citizens, and the consensus of opinion is that right principles must be established in early life.

The power of the nation is not vested in its naval and military appointments, the size of its warships, the numerical strength of its cavalry, artillery, and infantry, nor is it to be found only in the influence of its commercial and political relationship to other nations. The educational faculties are important to its moral and temporal success, but the real source of its strength lies in the purity of the home-life of its citizens. Rev. Charles Sheldon aptly said in a meeting of recent date, "The home is the centre of all that is best in civilization." The home was the first Divine institution, and the home question is the question of the 20th century.

The seed of American greatness was sown in the blood of the old Puritan Fathers of the Mayflower in the godly simplicity of their home-life, and our own fair Canada is reaping the harvest of the true, pure lives of the sturdy pioneers who set up the family altars in the rude log cabins, and at the cost of much sacrifice, sang the praises of God by the dim light of the lantern in the old schoolhouses of the forest.

REAL POWER AND INFLUENCE.

THE power and influence of the Christian Church is not in its perfect organization, nor the eloquence of its pulpit, nor the magnificence of its architectural structures, but in the purity (whiteness) of the home-life of its membership.

The strength of the Salvation Army is not in the uniform of its soldiers, the blasting of its trumpets, the clashing of its cymbals, the waving of its flags, the equipment of its service, but in the consistent, godly life of its officer-ship and soldierhood.

The first Methodist Church in Ontario was established over a century ago, on a homestead, and the foundation of the whole Christian Church is entrenched deep and wide in the home-life.

Jesus honored the home, not only by His own ideal childhood, for He was subject to His parents, but all through His beautiful earthly life. His miraculous powers were first manifested in contributing to the pleasure and comfort of a marriage feast, thus sanctioning that sacred ordinance, not only by His presence, but by a special recognition of His favor.

Many of the miracles seem to have been actuated by a regard for the affections of the family; His healing of the Syro-Phœnician's daughter, His giving back to life of Jairus' little girl, His restoring of her beloved only son to the widow of Nain, and His raising to life of the brother at Bethany, all show His delight in ministering to the joys of home. He has shown how well He understood, and how much He appreciated the intensity of the family affections, in that graphic story of the Prodigal Son. And where can be found in all the realms of art a scene more touchingly pathetic than the picture of Jesus blessing the little children? The Divine words He spoke about them, and His great love for them, may not have created the love of parents for their children, but it has doubtless intensified and refined it, for the love of the heathen for their offspring is a rude propensity in comparison with the love for the little ones which reigns in the majority of Christian homes.

HONORED CHILDHOOD.

HE lifted up and honored childhood. If the sound of childish voices, the patter of little feet on the stairs, is music to us; and if the encircling of little arms, the clinging of tiny fingers, and the touches of sweet lips can thrill us with joy and gratitude, we owe this brightness of life to our Saviour. The star of the world's hope shone over His cradle, and its radiance still shines forth from the Christian home.

Christmas is essentially the home-time; it is the glad season when the boys and girls troop home from school, and the sons and daughters, sundered far, gather from shop, and office, and factory. It is then the thoughts of all turn especially to the absent loved ones. It is a glad time, and it is a sad time. It is then the dear ones are welcomed; it is then the loved ones who have "crossed the bar" are missed, and the hot tears of loneliness fall in secret over the vacant places in the family circle, and the dear old memories sweep in like a flood.

It is not inappropriate to consider at Christmas time the responsibilities and blessings of the home.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE HOME.

EVERY community in this fair land needs better homes; not better-furnished homes, more pictures on the walls or richer carpets on the floors, for this is a country of comfortable homes. There are, of course, the squalid rooms—where the unfortunate and degraded crowd together—but the great majority of Canadian homes are warm, cosy, comfortable, and thousands are furnished with taste and elegance.

But the homes we want are the homes where father, mother, and child—earth's trinity—shall understand and realize their responsibility to each other and the larger human family; where higher ideals shall be striven for, and stronger moral and spiritual characters shall be built up. This applies to the cottage as well as the palace. Some of earth's greatest giants in commercial enterprise, scientific research, social effort, philanthropic endeavor, missionary zeal, and Christian heroism have come from humble homes.

TWO QUANT CRADLES.

AT the World's Fair two quaint old-fashioned cradles attracted universal attention. One was the cradle of Abraham Lincoln and the other of Daniel Webster. It was Webster who when asked what was the greatest thought he ever had, answered, "The thought of my responsibility to God."

Abraham Lincoln stated, "If God wills, I will stamp out slavery." These were two important cradles, but, reader, in your home may be cradles quite as important.

An authority on this subject has written, "Give me the child until he is seven years old, and you may do as you like with him afterwards." And Napoleon said, "What France wants is mothers." The great Italian General, Garibaldi, asserted, "Let me educate the mothers, and the sons will be good soldiers." It was this hero who said of his mother, a woman of humble station, "She was a model mother. I owe to her love, her angel-like character, all the good that belongs to mine. Often amid the most arduous scenes of my tumultuous life, when I have passed unharmed through the breakers of the ocean, or the hailstorms of battle, she has seemed present to me. I have, in fancy, seen her on her knees before the Most High—my dear mother—imploping for the life of her son, and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers."

Ah, the infinite responsibility and the widespread influence of home! Impressions are being made upon the child's mind that will not be entirely erased through all the ages of eternity.

DUTIES WITHIN THE GATES.

HOW to properly fulfil the duties "within the gates" is too great a subject for a short paper, but I would briefly mention one or two ways.

"Example is better than precept." For what the parent is, the child will strive to be. One of the most pitiful sights I have ever seen comes vividly before me as I write. In a service I was conducting in the Mercer Reformatory, Ontario's penal institution for women, sat a mother and three daughters! It was a sight to break one's heart and make the angels weep.

CULTIVATE KINDNESS. Little kindnesses and courtesies and gentle words help to sweeten life and smoothe the rough places. Kindness is the essence of politeness. The parents should consider the children's comfort, and the children should consider the parents' wishes first of all.

"We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest,
But oft for 'our own'—

The bitter tone,
Though we love 'our own' the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn."

INSIST ON OBEDIENCE. The Warden of a large penal institution remarked to me on one occasion, "We teach obedience here. The men have never learned it before, they have never had their wills subdued. That is one reason why they do not know how to obey the law."

And our beloved General Booth, in his final talk to his leading Staff Officers, with fatherly concern and interest, said, "Teach your children to obey."

It is so much easier for the adult-child to obey his Heavenly Father if in his early childhood he has learned the spirit of obedience.

Sad truth to confess, disobedience is the sin of this age. It makes one's heart ache to see the wilfulness permitted by some parents; sometimes, I think, because it costs effort and trouble to follow up a command and insist upon obedience.

CULTIVATE MUSIC IN THE HOME. Begin when the child is in its early infancy. Bring back from the recesses of memory the old songs and hymns of your own childhood, and teach them to the little ones in your home. There is a refining, elevating influence in music and song that nothing else can supply. These songs will help the children in later life; maybe in the perplexities of business, or the worries of home, the old song "that mother sang" will spring unbidden or unexpectedly to the mind, and change the current of thought from harassing concern to a prayerful looking to mother's God. Have music, bright, cheerful, holy music and song in the home.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE POOR LIVE AND DIE

Stories of Cadets' Visitation in a City's By-Ways.

Comforting the Dying in the Slums.



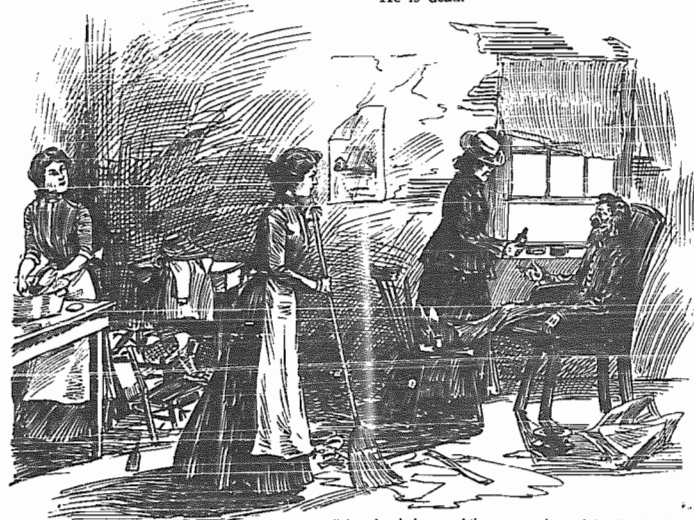
HO can tell the value of visitation? It has been the means of bringing a bit of sunshine in many a home, and at the same time proving a real blessing to our own soul. Jesus says, "A cup of cold water given in My name shall not lose its reward."

Two lassies, while visiting one day, entered a very desolate-looking place. After climbing two pairs of stairs, and walking through a long, dark hall, they entered a room which was the very picture of despair. Away in a dark corner of the room, seated on a chair, pillowed up by a bundle of dirty rags, sat a man, dying of consumption. His wife, who should have been by his side, was running about the streets, and neglecting her life's companion, and now he lay dying.

What was to be done? One of the lassies swept the floor, and tried to tidy up the place a bit, while the other washed the dishes. When they had made the poor man as comfortable as they could, they prayed and read to him from God's Word. When ready to leave, one of them turned to the woman and asked:

"Are you a Christian?"
Her reply was, "No. I once loved God, but I have wandered away." Then she burst

"What, another flight yet?"
"Yes; but exercise is good, you know."
"But, my heart."
"Oh, hang your heart! If it is giving out already, you had better go back now."
"These stairs seem worse than the others down below."
"Now wait a jiff till I knock at this door." Knock! Knock!
"It echoes strangely, doesn't it?"
"Yes; you see, there are no carpets or furnishings, and this is an old hotel, and the place is gaunt and roomy."
"What was that ran across into the corner?"
"Why, it's only a rat. Don't be nervous; you frightened him."
"Hurry up and knock again; I hate rats!"
"Well, this is funny. Someone should answer, for there is a sick man inside."
"Push the door open a bit and peek in."
"All right, but it is dark, and I can't see very well. I make out some object over there in the corner. It looks like a bed, but it isn't. It is something patched up to lie on, though."
"Hello!"
"Hello!" comes instant reply.
But it was echo answered.
"That echo is uncanny, isn't it?"
We approached the object in the corner. Why, we have been misdirected. Someone has made a mistake. There is no one sick here, for a husband and wife lie sleeping, and the wife has her arm about her husband's neck.
"Hello!"
They are sound sleepers.
"Hello!"
We lift the arm to rouse the sleeping man. My God! it is cold. It is the arm of a corpse. He is dead.



"Away in a dark corner of the room, seated on a chair, pillowed up by a bundle of dirty rags, sat a man, dying of consumption."

into tears. They then asked her to kneel down which she did, and they prayed with her also.

While they were praying her husband, although very weak, would repeat the precious name of Jesus. It was found afterwards that a man who had given his heart to God in one of the General's meetings in the Massey Music Hall, had visited him and got him saved.

The Cadets then left for a little while, soon returning with a basket of food, which was badly needed. A few hours after the man passed away to be with Jesus.—Cadet E. Young.

THE FINAL CURTAIN.

[A reporter of the Toronto Star, who had heard of the incident described above, visited the scene. His graphic description best gives the sequel of the story.—Ed.]

"SAY, these stairs creak, don't they?"
"Well, what can you expect, in an old place like this?"

So up we go a long flight, with each step set to a different key.

Yet, he repented, and sent for a clergyman, but somehow or other he failed to answer, and those of us who believe that there is good in every heart, think perhaps the parson failed to get the message. But two members of the Salvation Army came, and the cold room was warmed, and the crackling of a fire joined echoes with the prayers of the Salvationists.

The Potters' Field would have claimed him, but Major Archibald, of the Army Rescue Department, collected a sum, which, with that granted by the city, saved the body from a nameless grave. And when, on Friday, the sods fell, and the tears of a widow, now sober, fell with them, prayers rose.

And in the falling tears and rising prayers was closed another story of life in this proud city of Toronto.—Charles F. Raymond.

Drunk and Injured.

GOING to a house one day, we found a woman under the influence of liquor, lying on an old sofa, covered only with a few old dirty clothes. The day previous she had been into a fight with some of her neighbors, and had received serious injuries. The house and furniture was in a dilapidated condition. We saw that prompt action was necessary, and so we went to work, bound up the wounds, and made the sufferer comfortable. We then gave her some nourishment and prayed with her. She confessed her wrong-doing, telling us that drink was the cause of all her misery. We tried our best to lead her to a Saviour whose blood can make the vilest clean, and then our mission ended there for that day, and we hastened to continue our work of love.

Scrubology and Christianity.

WHILE out visiting with another Cadet one day, we knocked at the door of a house. A man answered the knock, and we asked him if his wife was in.

"Yes," he said, "but she is sick in bed and you cannot see her."

We urged him, however, to let us go in and see if we could do anything for her. When he saw we were so determined he let us in. Crossing a very poorly-furnished front room, we went to the bed-room, where we found his poor, sick wife and a baby four days old lying in bed. We shook hands with her and asked her if we could do anything. She was very reluctant to confide in us, but we saw the poor woman needed some help, so we at once prepared for work. While the other Cadet cleaned the house, I did the washing.

There were two other children, one fourteen months and the other between two and three years of age. We washed and cleaned both before we came away, and then we prayed with the parents, and tried to point them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.

The wife, who was a backslider, confessed that serving God was the best way to live, and she said she couldn't get right with God till she went back to the Army penitent form. She felt her lost condition, and the first chance she would have she was coming back again.

I believe God made us a blessing in that home. Both husband and wife wanted us to come again. We do thank God for the privilege He has given us. We feel so unworthy of them. Tongue can never express the value and blessing of house-to-house visitation. "As much as ye did it unto them ye did it unto Me."
—Ella Maude Beckingham, Cadet.

Five Hundred Miles with a Broken Wing.

A letter just received from Chicago gives the following interesting incident:

It appears that a poor backslider attended the General's night meeting in Minneapolis, but had to hurry away to catch a train for Chicago ere the prayer meeting had commenced. But so hard had the General hit this man, and so deep did the truth cut his conscience, that on his arrival in Chicago he found out the Army's hall, knelt at the Army's penitent form, and found the Christ that the Army lives to preach.

His Empty World.

A Chat with an Invalid.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN F. MORRIS.

I met John C— one day on the main thoroughfare of E—. He had a kindly face and manner, and the red band always made a pleasant smile come over his countenance. "Good day, Captain," he shouted, as I was hurrying on. "And how's your religion going to-day?" "Pleasant afternoon," I replied; then continued to say, as I gripped him by the hand, "Yes, a delightful day, isn't it? What a lot we ought to be thankful for to our God, who showers down upon us so many blessings, to the just as well as the unjust."

The smile on his face had gradually died away, and in its place came a dark scowl. "Oh, don't say anything more about that; it's a queer thing you can't speak except it's about religion." "Well," I replied, "I was simply giving an expression of thankfulness to God for His wonderful goodness. I don't know, I am sure, how you feel about it, but it is a marvelous thing that, notwithstanding all this hell around us, reeking in its sin and wickedness against God, He should still make earth so pleasant for us to live in."

"What nonsense!" John replied. "I tell you I am somewhat older than you, and I have learned a thing or two in the forty-three years I have lived on this earth. Why, don't you know that one atom attracts another? That this world at one time was only one infinitesimal speck which attracted to itself even bod-es that were still smaller? As the ages passed on and on, this body grew larger and larger, in the natural order of things, until the earth was formed. The idea, as contained in the first chapter of Genesis, is the imagination of some fanatic or fool who probably went to bed on a heavy supper, and whose brain in slumber became so confused as to hatch out such a nonsensical story as the creation, and then had the audacity to give it out to the world the next morning that he had an inspiration as to how the world was formed, or that he had learned from his so-called God how He created earth, and now we have had handed down to us that ridiculous story of the creation for nearly six thousand years, and the older it gets silly people are the more apt to believe it because we are getting farther away from the days of this story-teller and the truth, and—"

"Just wait a minute," I put in. "I am very much afraid that you— But I was not allowed to complete the sentence. J. E. had got up too much steam altogether, and wasn't going to stop his oratorical machinery just then. So I had to patiently wait and hear the rest of his speech before my turn came. He went in with the usual stock arguments of the theory of evolution from nothing until he was forced to stop for sheer want of breath, for he had been talking to me at a very rapid rate, and I eagerly seized the opportunity to question him by asking, 'Who placed the first atom in position to collect to itself these other atoms?'

"Well," he continued, "You know these atoms are mere nothings, so small, indeed, that they cannot be seen with the naked eye. They float around in the universe and attract to themselves each other. I assure you, it is a very simple thing to understand." And he went glibly on once more with a lengthy explanation of the law of attraction.

"I am afraid," I got opportunity at last to say, "you are giving me a lengthy disquisition on evolution, and, if you will pardon me, speaking it as glibly as a parrot would a well-learned lesson. You have carefully avoided giving me a frank answer to my question about the 'nothings' and the 'specks,' and have repeatedly in your talk referred to Nature, wind, motion and the universe, all of which have not been, and, I am afraid, cannot be explained. In other words, you are using to strengthen your argument things that you do not understand or is it possible for finite man to explain."

"The questions you raise, my dear Mr. E., certainly give one 'food for thought,' and sup-

ply material for lengthy and oftentimes eloquent discussions, but whether they bring a hope in one's breast which will spur them on to live a nobler and more useful life, and will help soften the pillow and take the sting out of death, I am not so sure."

"Well, perhaps there might be a question just there," he replied, "but let the future take care of itself. The present is perfectly satisfactory, and that is all I care about."

"Are you quite sure of that?" I queried, looking him steadily in the eye, where I detected anything but a restful spirit, and I thought after that his attitude seemed to change a little, for he said, kindly:

"Well, you see, Captain, it is this way. I once professed to be a Christian, and if zeal counts for anything there could not be one who was more desirous than I to preach the Gospel. Yes, I believe those days I was as good as it was possible for a human being to be, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. I could be found night after night on the streets trying to get men converted. Of course, you will understand these were in the first few months after my conversion. I then accepted the Bible as all truth. I then trusted in Christ as my Saviour. I had, what I now consider, a blind belief in God. In fact, I was ready to believe anything and everything that pertained to religion. As far as my business would allow, I would spend hours searching the Scriptures for what I then termed new light, and not understanding all I read, questionings would arise, and not being able to satisfy my mind on the spot, I began to feel very unrestful. Then doubt came—only a little thing at first, but it grew and grew to the extent that very soon I found myself not meeting with verses in the Bible as an exception that I could not understand, but as the rule. I remember reading in the book Ezekiel and trying to understand many of its mysteries, but I failed to grasp their meaning. I gave it up, threw away the book that I couldn't understand, and, believe me, for a time I lived in a midnight of despair. I shall never forget the utter desolation that filled my spirit—we will use the word for want of a better term. I was nearly raving mad. Then I said, 'This shall cease.' I threw God and religion overboard, read the works of Voltaire, Tom Paine, Robert Ingersoll, and soon my disturbed vision was cleared. I saw the blind folly with which I had followed in the steps of my ancestors, and by scientific conclusions, based on what appeared to be good, common sense, I arrived eventually at a place where I was satisfied—in a word, saw that all religion was a myth. At the present, prayers and entreaties of Christians no longer affect me, and I—here was a pause for a few seconds—"well, I am what you might say content, or nearly so. You folks in the Salvation Army speak of being satisfied, and so am I. There is apparently no difference in our condition. If being satisfied is religion, then I have got it, but still disbelieve in God. I go in to get all I can out of this world, while you seem to be all the time preparing for another."

I was staggered for a moment, and then quietly replied:

"I am sorry for you, as sorry as a soul can be who desires to see you enjoy the blessings of God's salvation. I have no doubt you are satisfied, or I would rather say indifferent to the wonderful deliverance Christ holds out to you, yet I would say there are two conditions in which men can be found. One, as the Scripture saith, 'dead in trespasses and sins,' and the other, quickened by His Holy Spirit and alive to all that is spiritual. You have eyes to see the works of God's beautiful creation all around you, and yet you behold not His hand in it. You have ears to hear His blessed truths declared by those who have been redeemed by the precious blood, and yet you hearken not. You have a voice to sing His praises, yet it is oftentimes heard in cursing. The reasons you assign for losing faith in God appear to me foolish. Do you throw away a book of Euclid just because at the commencement you understand not the fifty-fifth proposition? You start at the commencement of the exercises and go step by step. And would not people think you out of your mind if you were to make an assertion that because you could not

understand at once everything in the book—it was all a delusion? You must therefore use the same common sense in matters of religion. Just because you can't grasp all the truths of the Bible at once, you must not cast it from you as an absurdity. There is much in it you can understand; grasp first these truths, place your feet upon them as a sure foundation; and it will not be long before your knowledge of things Divine will have wonderfully increased, providing you approach them in the right spirit."

He had allowed me to speak all this without any interruptions, and now stretched out his hand in a friendly manner to say good-day, which I eagerly grasped, uttering at the same time a parting "God bless you" from my heart.

"I hope," said he in parting, "I have not offended you, Captain, but I never speak to any professing Christian about religion except yourself and the Presbyterian minister. I thank you for your interest," and he parted with a serious countenance.

The weeks passed swiftly on. The Army continued to warn sinners night after night on the streets of E—, and sometimes away at the back of the open-air ring I could distinguish the face of C—. I also met him several times on the streets and in the saloons while Cry selling, after our lengthy conversation, and tried to win him to Christ, but it seemed useless. He drank freely, and it was quite evident, at the mad race he was going, his life would be short-lived. But I determined he should not die a guilty sinner without due warning, and the best was done to win him to Christ.

His end came sooner than expected. I was startled by reading the following in a daily newspaper:

"John C—, a character who is well-known in this city, came to his death last night in a very unexpected manner. No one can tell just how the terrible accident happened, but it appears that he had returned home at an early hour in the morning, and being very much fatigued, threw himself on the bed, forgetting a lighted candle on the table. It is supposed the candle burned down to the table and ignited the same, causing a general conflagration in the room, resulting in the death of John C—."

As the house stood alone, no one saw the accident, and it was not until at an early hour this morning a man passing the way discovered the burnt building and the charred remains of the unfortunate man."

Could this really be the man I had spoken to? I asked myself again and again. Yes, it must be the same. I found on further enquiry C— had been drinking in a saloon until a very late hour, when he had stumbled home much the worse for intoxicating liquor. He had fallen on the bed in a drunken slumber only to be awakened in eternity.

I was called upon, with several other officers, by his worldly friends, to conduct the funeral service, for he had many who had helped him on in sin. Whatever sinners think of the Gospel when living, I have noticed they always desire a Christian burial. The service was conducted Sunday morning in an Opera House which had been secured. The place was full. A saloon band also put in an appearance and played such hymns as were selected. It was no use speaking to the dead, therefore a lesson was drawn from the life of C— for the benefit of the living. It was a remarkable opportunity and a most impressive service, which can never be erased from my memory. The procession to the cemetery was equally so, and upon arriving at the grave tears stole down the cheeks as the companions in sin, with uncovered heads, threw a few green twigs on the coffin, and said, "Good-bye, comrade, good-bye." After I had prayed they moved slowly away one by one to their haunts of sin, soon to forget a lesson so striking.

My tale is told. I heartily wish its ending had been of a more pleasant character, but such was the close of a life lived without God. Yet there are those who would still desire to take away our hope of heaven, meeting our blessed Lord, and our re-union with those we have loved, and offer in return the fleeting pleasures of earth to help hasten us to a world of despair.

News at Last!

The Story of an Enquiry Case

BY ENSIGN W. C. ARNOLD.

IT could be truthfully said that Herman Meidinger, the proprietor of the jewelry store at Friedrichshafen, was indeed a happy man. His character was unblemished, his dealings strictly honest, his movements in society pleasant, because of his kind and considerate ways, and in business most prosperous. While he certainly was industrious and God-fearing, two essentials to human happiness, a good portion of his success must be rightly attributed to his wife.

Gretchen was the one who, with her splendid example and her special gift of economizing, enabled Herman to save sufficient to start in business for himself. When afterwards difficult problems would arise, she proved herself a wise counsellor. Equally they had shared the toil through which they raised themselves from their humble surroundings to their present estate. God had also blessed them with three beautiful children. Conrad, a promising youth of thirteen; Gertrude, the image of her mother, a sweet and fair little maiden of seven, and Frieda, who was yet but an infant, were the fondlings and endless joys of their parents.

No effort was spared to give Conrad the best education the community afforded. It is customary in the Fatherland when a boy reaches the age of fourteen that he should choose his profession, and in a good many cases the oldest son of a family takes up his father's business. So it was with Conrad; he was sent to the city as an apprentice, to whom the privilege is given to study every department, both theoretical and practical, in a manufacturing establishment. He made progress as step by step advancement was made, until after a few years we find him entrusted with a responsible position in the office of the firm.

Conrad was certainly of good appearance, and being the fortunate possessor of a jovial disposition, his good-natured ways won for him many friends. Poor Conrad! If he had only been careful in selecting his companions!

"Come and have a good time," was the first temptation. He yielded.

"I'll treat."

His turn came next. The theatre and the ball-room became so fascinating to him that he was never happy unless in the whirl of the dance or listening to some exciting play. A game of cards was now and then indulged in—for the fun of it at first, but for money soon after.

Conrad was living above his means, and he knew it, but what did it matter? He carried the keys of his employer's till, and no one was the wiser if he borrowed a few marks. The climax soon came. At the games the night before he had staked very heavily, such sums as he never could recover. What was he to do? After some thought he hit upon a plan, and determined to lose no time in carrying it into effect.

The next morning his accustomed seat in the office was empty. Conrad had secured a safe hiding-place on one of the large ocean steamers bound for Canada.

"No trace can be found of him," was the reply of the messenger sent to enquire as to the strange absence of Conrad Meidinger, Chief Cashier of the Heidelberg Jewelry Works. An inquiry was made into the standing of his accounts, when a shortage of several thousand marks was discovered. The head of the firm went to Conrad's parents to inform them of the sad affair. When he arrived at the residence of Herman Meidinger a sad and gloomy

atmosphere seemed to be cast over the whole house, evidently caused by a letter held by Mrs. Meidinger. It was from Conrad, informing his parents of the disgrace brought upon them. The hopes for the brilliant future of their only son were destroyed. But not alone that, the largest portion of their savings had to be used to repay the discrepancy in Conrad's account.

Herman Meidinger and his dear wife were heart-broken. Day after day they would expect to receive some news from Conrad, but in vain they waited. Years passed by, and still nothing was heard of him. The worry and anxiety had been too much for them both, but especially was it telling upon Herman. Since the first shock he had never been the same. His health seemed to be failing fast, which unfitted him for his business, with the result that payments on the mortgage taken to meet Conrad's deficiency became very irregular. Everything had been kept in the quietest possible manner, until one morning the inhabitants of Friedrichshafen were startled by the little placard on the windows of the jewelry store, which made known

Conrad Meidinger landed in Quebec, and diligent inquiry brought him to the conclusion that he would make this his destination.

After some days and nights in the railway coach, and other means of conveyance, the camp was reached. The surroundings were not the most inviting. However, all along the journey he had secured considerable information as to the customs and peculiarities of this Western country, as well as the advantages offered, and he was fully convinced that he must be willing to grasp anything his hands might find to do. Therefore, when the employment agency had chalked on the blackboard "Kitchen assistant wanted," Conrad was the first to apply for the job. The work was very coarse, but when the first pay-day came around \$30 in "greenbacks," as the men called them, lined the pockets of the kitchen assistant. Steadily he worked his way into a better position.

One night, after work was done, Conrad and his chums were out taking their usual "constitutional," when their attention was taken by the sound of singing.

This was nothing new, though it was generally some rough man's voice trying to sing one of the variety theatre tunes. This time a clear and sweet woman's voice sounded into the stillness of the night, and as they came nearer they found a large crowd in front of the "International," around three people dressed in peculiar uniform, such as Conrad had never seen before. He was soon informed that it was the Salvation Army, who had come to open fire in the camp.

The Salvationists had brought with them a fairly-large tent, and meetings were conducted every night, which was certainly a treat to the miners, and Conrad and his chums never failed to attend except when on night shift. He would always buy the War Cry, and when reading its pages conviction would often strike his heart.

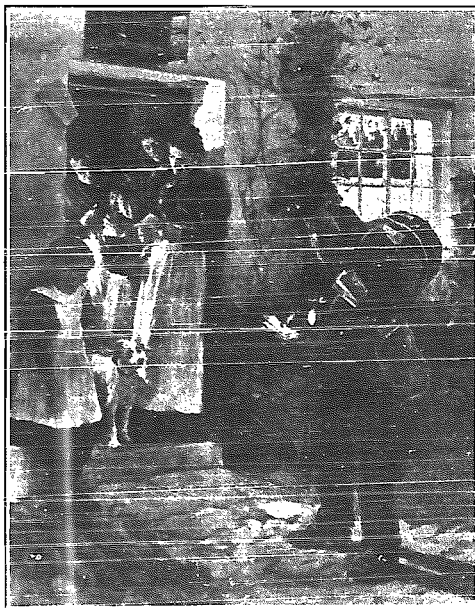
One day when glancing through the paper his eyes fell upon a picture. Could it really be true that it was a picture of himself taken some years ago? Quickly he pushed the War Cry in his pocket, fearing that someone might notice it. Oh, how he trembled! He could almost feel the cold grasp of the police official on his shoulder.

Taking a walk to some secluded spot in the bush, he carefully looked around him to make sure that no one was in sight, so that he might have another look. The description given suited him to the letter. Cramming to the last line he burst into tears, for it read, "Mother is anxiously inquiring, and all will be forgiven if you will only write."

At the first opportunity he made his way to seek the advice of the friendly Captain. What a delight it seemed to the officer to be able to do something for Conrad! He provided him with notepaper, etc., and insisted that no further delay should be made. The anxious mother should not be kept in despair any longer.

News at last! The loud rap at the cottage occupied by Mrs. Meidinger announces that the postman has come. His visits were very seldom now, although some of its occupants would watch for him morning after morning. Rather excitedly the letter was snatched from the old man. One glance at the address was sufficient. It came from Conrad, and with it came joy unspeakable to the mother's heart. The burden that had weighed her down for years had gone. Best of all, Conrad expected to be with her once more to celebrate Christmas.

News had at last reached that earthly home. Now even the angels were privileged to rejoice at the glad news received in heaven that through the faithful dealings of the Army Captain another soul was won for Jesus.



THE WELCOME NEWS.

to them all that the business was in the hands of Herman Meidinger's creditors.

This was indeed a heavy blow. The family was compelled to move into smaller quarters. However, the real fruits were soon realized when Herman Meidinger was thrown on his sick-bed, and it was not long before a little group stood around the open grave, in the little churchyard away on the hill, into which they laid a tender husband and a broken-hearted father.

Every possible means had been tried to secure the whereabouts of the lost son, but they were of no avail until one day someone recommended to the poor widow that the Salvation Army was a capable agency of tracing lost ones, owing to the organization being represented in every civilized country. As a last resource she communicated with their Headquarters. New hopes seemed to arise within her when a reply to her inquiry came, and the officials assured her that everything in their power would be done.

R—, a newly-discovered mining camp, was the place boomed by the railway company when

The Painted Lady.

BY ADJUTANT JOS. BARR.



I HAVE seen many pitiable specimens of humanity in my travels, but none have surpassed Mother X—on the night of her conversion.

It happened one very wet night some eleven years ago. Outside the rain was descending in torrents; in the hall perhaps fifty people were very heartily singing the opening song, when the barracks door opened and some woman entered. The effect was discomfiting in the extreme. While the condition of the poor woman ought, perhaps, to have moved us to tears rather than smiles, it was no small comfort for even the most sanctimonious to take the matter seriously. One old gentleman, known religiously as having the maximum amount of possession coupled with the minimum amount of possession, cast upon her a horrified and shocked look, which she was quick to note, and which he had reason to repent before he was much older.

She who had just entered was probably fifty years of age. In her youth she may have been good-looking; if so, drink and sin had wonderfully marred her beauty. She wore a tight-fitting black ulster, with gaping seams and sundry ragged fringes, while on her head was an old black straw hat, the rim of which was partly torn from the crown and hung over her left eye. Her face had been over-wet supplied with powder, which, instead of improving her appearance, on this occasion was the groundwork of a most grotesque and ludicrous picture. The rain had trickled from her dirty hat in little streamlets over her face, cutting its way through the powder and leaving her face traced like a tiger's back.

When she stood composedly in the aisle, grinning mischievously on the crowd, it was almost more than flesh and blood could stand. Espying the horrified expression on the countenance of the aforementioned old gentleman, she made her way to where he sat and smiling cooly at him took her place by his side. He looked straight ahead and tried to sing away as if nothing had happened. She, on the other hand, finding his long, grey whiskers a tempting medium through which to attract his attention, gave them a pull, at the same time casting upon him her most bewitching smile.

He moved further up the seat. She followed him. Just at this juncture the song ended, and we knelt for prayer. Instead of kneeling where he stood, the old man moved to another seat. Someone prayed, and as we sang a chorus I heard a move, and looking up was just in time to see her ladyship kneeling down beside him, giving his whiskers another jerk as she did so. This was all he wanted of that sort of treatment, so he got up and went out. During the singing of the second song she came to the front seat, and for a time smiled and winked at my Captain and me in turns. I need hardly say that thus far the meeting had been completely spoiled, and I have often wondered why she wasn't turned out. God undoubtedly had a hand in that.

At last the mischievous mood seemed to leave her, and from that moment she became intensely interested in all that was said, and much to everyone's surprise, came out to the penitent form the moment the invitation was given.

The Convert Sergt.-Major—a godly woman—took her home after meeting. The condition of the house was dreadful. Broken dishes strewn over the floor, furniture upturned, and filth and dirt everywhere. The Sergeant-Major decided to fix things up a little and was busy lighting the fire when the woman's husband came in.

He had been at work in the country, and had just returned tired and weary and dispirited. Seeing the uniform, he grasped the hand of the soldier, exclaiming:

"Oh, for God's sake, do something with that woman; for if you don't, either one or both of us will go before our Maker in a hurry. For nearly a year she has not drawn a sober breath, and I am afraid some of these nights I'll either

do away with her or myself. For the love of God, sister, do something with her."

It was hard for him to believe that something had already been done for her, but it was nevertheless true that God had revealed Himself unto her as her Deliverer, and that was to be the last time he would have to come home to misery and filth.

A few years ago I was in Butte City, Mont., and there met a lady who came from D—, in the Old Land, where all this took place. While talking of old times and old friends, she asked me if I remembered Mother X—.

"Yes," I answered, "I should think I do. Is she alive yet?"

"Alive and well saved," was her reply, "and respected by all who know her."

Seven years had come and gone since that eventful night, and God's grace had proved sufficient.

Through Sin's Breakers.

(Continued from page 14.)

compelled to go through the formalities of religion, because it was good form. Occasionally conscience would assert itself, but it was invariably silenced with the excuse that the rules of society must be complied with.

The taste for stimulants grew stronger with the many opportunities to feed it, until to satisfy the growing craving that began to burn within her, other means were resorted to. Her maid, a gay young French girl, clever with a lady's toilet, was an unscrupulous woman, who readily accepted her young mistress' bribes to secretly obtain the spirits, which seemed now to have become a necessity. Evelyn felt the demon growing within her, and was very careful at first to hide from her parents the growing passion. Her sunny smile, however, was only rarely seen upon her face, the sweetness of her disposition became warped until those around her felt the jarring of her fretful temper. The mother noted, with some degree of anxiety, the change in her child, but attributed it to the strain and fatigue, consequent on the endless round of receptions and society engagements.

Tighter and tighter the serpent's coils were wound round her, until its fangs were driven deep into the vitals of her moral and spiritual nature. Again and again, on one pretext or another, she excused herself from coming into the drawing-room, and by the assistance of her cunning servant, procured the spirits that now secured the only thing to satisfy the craving that blazed within her, and in the privacy of her own room became stupefied with drink.

Oh, the fell power of this fascinating serpent, this destroying fiend, that with blistering breath, had shrivelled up every pure and noble desire and purpose! If she were discovered by her parents! How could she ever look them in the face again if once they saw her when down under the influence of the cruel enemy that had robbed her of the power of resistance? Many a time the agony of remorse became so great she felt she would lose her reason, and had to resort to further stimulants to bring temporary relief to her distracted nerves.

"Sad to tell, how she fell

From great heights high down to hell!"

Hell! She felt something of its fire burning in her veins already.

One day it seemed as if her enemy was goading her on to desperation. She was restless, answered questions in a nonchalant fashion, and pleading an headache she begged to be excused from accompanying her parents to the mansion of a neighbor. With many a tender injunction to rest and keep quiet, her parents left her.

In her own chamber poor Evelyn paced to and fro. What was she to do? The demon within her had become a giant. Drink she must have! Snatching at a decanter secreted in her room, she drank freely, but it merely added fuel to the fire. Pressing her hand to her aching head, she cried out in the agony of the frightful fires within her, while the mocking voice of the demon that had stung her urged her on to dark deeds of desperation. "End it with poison," whispered the tempter. She started—"Die O God, I cannot, dare not, die!"

The hours ticked slowly away. Ever and anon she would throw herself on her knees, and cry out in her agony for God to help her, then rising, pace the room, until she felt she would choke. At last a desperate resolution seized her; she would go away; she would not disgrace her parents. She knew drink had become her master, and to stay meant certain detection, disgrace, and breaking her parents' hearts.

Waiting until the great household had sunk into silent slumber, she feverishly gathered together a few personal belongings, and as the large clock in the hall struck one she glided noiselessly down the broad staircase, let herself out, and soon stood in the garden she had loved and tended so well in the olden days before this terrible vice had mastered her.

Turning for a few moments to look for the last time at her childhood's home, a sob escaped her. Was it too late, could she possibly overcome? If she could only free herself from the chains that had bound her so fast! The swaying of the branches seemed to mock her; the wind, sobbing through the trees, seemed to assume voice. "Too late, too late!" they seemed to wail. With a bitter cry of agony she fled down the broad avenue pursued by the shrieks of myriads of demons, until her own agonized spirit took up the cry, "Too late—O my God! It's too late—too late!" and she fled. Where should she go to? She scarcely knew, but she staggered on into the darkness of the winter night.

(To be continued.)

Our Cosmopolitan Army.

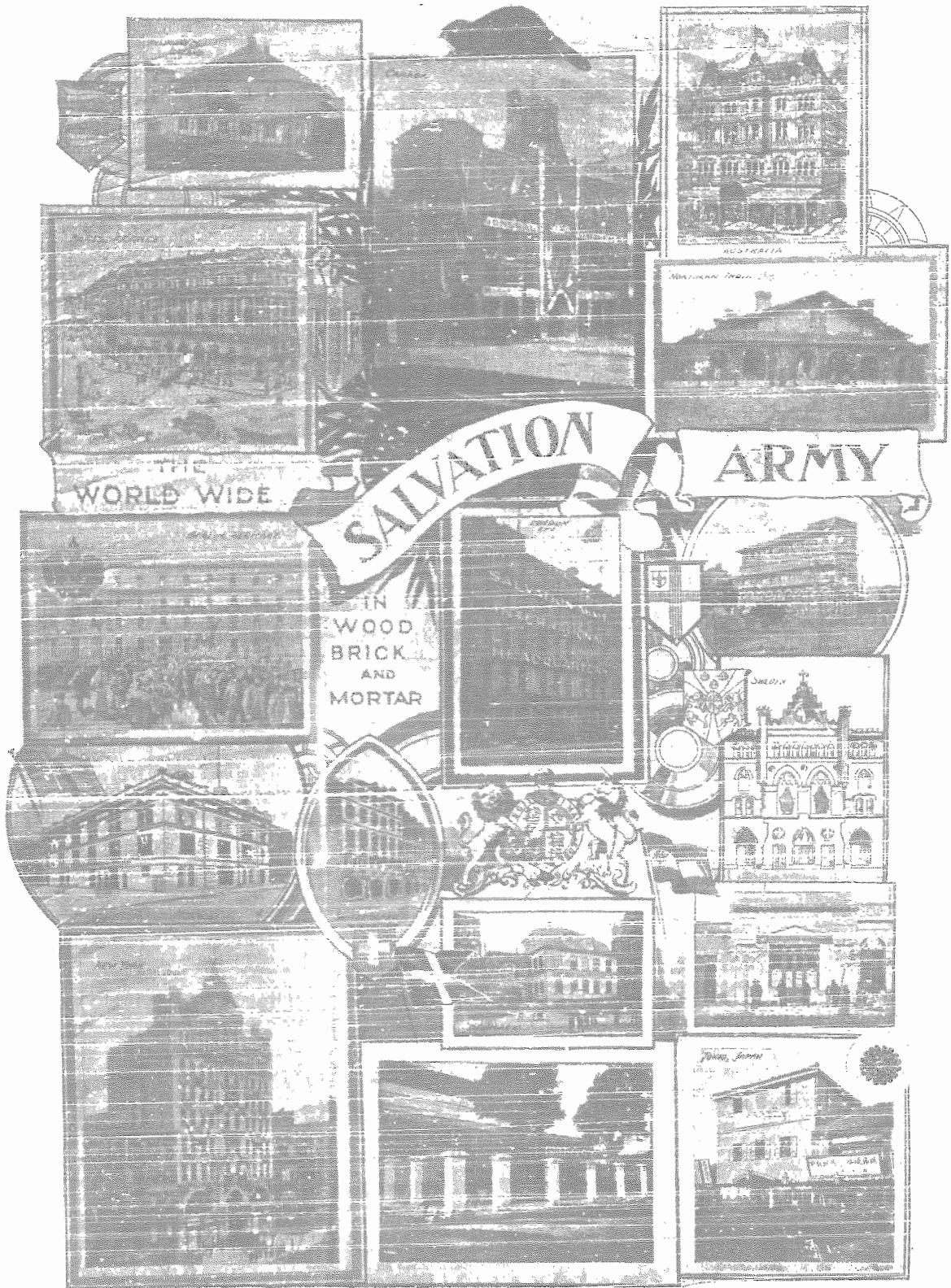
HERE is much talk about the armies of the Great Powers of the world, which, at the nineteen hundred and second anniversary of the world's Saviour, stand armed to the teeth, ready to loosen the dogs of war at the sign of menace. In happy contrast to this we recall the remark of a great man during the visit of the General to Toronto: "This would be a happy world if General Booth's Army were the only army in the world."

We thank God that the Salvation Army is not a national, but a cosmopolitan concern. Its forts and citadels are found alike in Arctic Lapland and tropic India. Its drum beat is heard in five continents and many isles of the sea, and under its flag may be found fighting all races and colors of men. We believe among the agencies which bring various nations and countries into closer contact and happier relationship, there are none more effectual than the Salvation Army, as was especially demonstrated during the recent Boer war, when the Army held meetings in both Boer and British camps. If the dream of Universal Peace is ever realized, the Salvation Army will deserve a fair share of that victory, for it is the only army that fights not to kill, but to make alive!

Each one of the buildings shown in the illustration on the opposite page—there are about fifty Territorial Headquarters of the Salvation Army throughout the world; only a few of which are depicted—is a centre of Salvation Army energy, the power-house of the Territory in which we operate, connected with the International Headquarters, at London, and through it, in touch with all other parts of the world.

We now operate in forty-nine countries and colonies, through the agency of between thirteen and fourteen thousand paid officers, and over forty-four thousand unpaid Local Officers. The Army is organized in seven thousand two hundred corps and outposts, and has under its control six hundred and twenty-one Social Institutions, with an accommodation for twenty thousand persons. The weekly circulation of our periodicals exceeds one million copies. Our Junior work now includes nearly half a million of children.

The Army is young yet, and with the strength and experience gathered in the past, it is doubtless destined to become yet one of the greatest factors in solving the many problems which face society to-day.



Incidents of Our Social Work.

Helped the Widow and Children.

A WOMAN and two children had been left by a heartless husband without a cent, and her rent just about due. She could not leave her children to take a situation, as they were only two and four years of age. What was she to do? She thought she might come to us and see what we could do for her. I am glad to say she found help spiritually and financially. She now keeps some boarders, and is doing fairly well; but, the best of all, she has sought our Christ at the Army penitent form.

Five other mothers have applied for help, and we have done all we could for them. One case in particular we helped in the time of death, when her baby, of five years old, had died. She not only found us a friend spiritually, but practically, and since that time the children have been attending our Sunday School. I am glad to say some are taking their stand in the Army, and it is the joy of our hearts to be able, at the time of trouble, to cheer and comfort those who are so much in need of practical sympathy.—*Adj. Dodd.*

Sixty and Homeless.

W M. was brought up in Ireland, but after spending some few years there, came out to Montreal to live with a brother and sister, who were teaching school in this city. There she was very comfortable, and had all that heart could wish for, until death took her loved ones from her side, and she was left without a friend at the age of sixty. For years she had knocked about from place to place, not being able to work, and has had to beg from door to door. Sometimes she would rent a little room and live by herself, at other times her surroundings would not be so pleasant. She became so weary of the sin around her that she made up her mind to leave. She knew not where she could go, and was walking along the street one evening, asking several people she met if they could tell her where she could get a night's lodging. She at last met a woman who was stopping in our Home, who replied, "Why, yes, come along with me." She brought her to us. I took her in and made her as comfortable as possible, and she has been with us ever since. She is as happy as can be, and is so thankful for our Home, appreciates all the kindness shown her, and she loves God.

Practical Sympathy.

A SHORT time ago a man, sixty years of age, came to me, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, told me the following sad story. He said: "Sir, I am no beggar, and I hope I never will be, but I cannot see my family starve. My son has been our support for the past three years, but now he is laid low by typhoid fever, and I have to look after him, as his mother has her hands full looking to the care of the rest of the family. We had a good team and wagon when he took sick, but I was compelled to sell both to obtain money to keep things going till my son got better. So now, Mr. Captain, I want you to give me some work to help me out. I cannot do much, but if you furnish me with a saw and axe I will try and prove to you that I am not lazy."

I gave the old gentleman an axe and he proved as good as his word. When night came on I had a few things collected together for him to take home—a chicken, some beef, and \$1 in cash. Next morning he was ready for work at an early hour, so I gave him work and did as much as I possibly could for him. I

have since received a letter from his wife; in it she poured out her heartfelt thanks to me and the Army. Her boy is now better, and the old gentleman and part of his family are to be found in our barracks listening to us, and realizing that God is good. I am praying that they may all seek His salvation. This is only one of the many cases that come under my notice week in and week out. God bless the poor.

"From a Brand Plucked."

ABOUT four months ago I arrived from England in Montreal, and, unfortunately, got into bad company, which brought me down to depths unknown.

Feeling very unhappy, and not finding my dreams realized, also having spent all my ready money, I sought assistance from a friend, who mercifully brought me to the Home.

The idea was very repugnant to me to enter the Home, in fact I had a strong disgust for the Salvation Army, or anything appertaining to it, but let me plead with any fallen creature who feels the same way as I have done, let me tell them that I bless the day God, in His great mercy, led my straying feet to the people of God. They have changed the whole course of my life. While all was once dark and drear, now all is bright and clear.

They have given me something to live for. They taught me to come back to my Heavenly Father and ask forgiveness for my sins. Need I tell you that my desires were more than fulfilled, and I found rest and peace for my weary heart?

There is something more I would like to tell; the people of God made me useful, teaching me to rely on myself and stand firm in the knowledge and faith, that I was walking in the path of righteousness, and holding me up when I felt weak and frail.

Now I cry, with heart full of love and gratitude, "God bless the Salvation Army."—*An Inmate of the Montreal R. H.*

The Kind that Come to Us.

IN reviewing our stay at the "Lighthouse," or what, perhaps, is better known to the public as "Joe Bee's Converted," we have met with many a heart-rending case; some, even, as you catch the first glimpse of their face, remind you of the fact that they have seen better days, and often we have been led to enquire into their case and try to find out the real cause of their downfall and wandering so far into sin and degradation until all self-respect has gone; yea, and they seem to be robbed of their manhood altogether, and have little or no desire to live for any other purpose only to satisfy the craving that is created in them by the evils that have so long existed in their hearts and lives. But, thank God, for even then there is every hope when they return to God.

We often look upon what is termed by so many "the outcast," and realize they are the burden of some poor mother's prayers, that she has wept, prayed, and cried night after night that God would protect and spare her darling child. Yes, they are each some mother's care and concern, and for this purpose we must, and will, by God's help, take an interest in them. We are trying to do this by looking after soul and body, and now we ask for the help and aid of all those whom fortune has favored so highly to come to our assistance.

Allow me here to give a few instances: T. B. makes the following statement: "I will say that my first position in life after leaving home was in the wholesale confectionery business, as traveling salesman. I also handled other lines of business until, in 1880, I went

west to Colorado and New Mexico, following mining in its various branches, without any profitable recompense. I returned from the 'Land of Silver and Gold' to this city where I was born. I have followed hotel business as well, but I have sadly fallen from almost the highest pinnacle of position until to-day I am here in the S. A. Lighthouse, having lost every standing in life through that which blights and curses so many bright hopes and good prospects, but I am thankful there is such a place where I can find a home."

J. Q., from a respectable home and favorable surroundings, and a good position as telegraph operator on the C.P.R., has fallen, through drink, to the lowest "level" or state of sin, until he is glad when he can be sheltered at the S. A. Lighthouse, or even be allowed, at his own request, to sleep on the floor of the reading-room.

F. E., although only 16 years of age, is learning in sin's dark ways to roam, having been left without the influence of a dear mother, "which is so precious to so many" when very young; is fast going the downward road to ruin, not so much through drink, but lying and stealing, and although at the first would not impress you with the fact such were his besetments, it would only mean for him to be left a very short time, and on your return the loss of something would convince you that someone dishonest had been around.

Such are some of the cases we so often meet with, and for these dear, precious souls we are holding meetings, praying that God, by His Holy Spirit, will so convince them that they may become earnest workers for Him in the salvation of others who have fallen by their iniquity. If they will but cast themselves helplessly at the mercy seat, and cry from the depth of a broken and contrite heart, God will hear and forgive.—*Ensign Wm. Parsons.*

Harriet's Sorrow.

HARRIET was brought from the Old Country at the age of thirteen years and adopted into a country home. All went well for a time, but after three years the one who should have been her guardian proved to be her downfall.

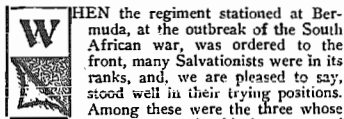
When his wife noticed her condition, she sent the girl back to the Home from which she had taken her, but they would not accept her and she had to return to her adopted parents. To try and hide the disgrace from the neighbors, they shied her up in the attic for a few days, and then sent her off to Montreal, with a few clothes in a satchel and one dollar to buy a lunch, and in this manner they threw her upon the world without a friend or a home to shelter in.

After her arrival in the city a policeman found her on the street destitute. He took her to the hospital, but they could not keep her, and sent her to the Rescue Home. After being an inmate for a short time she got converted. She wrote to know if the father would not help her, in some way to support her child, but he replied telling her to give her baby away and go to work so that she could get some clothes together and come back respectable. Nothing would be said in reference to the past. She answered that, although young, she had a mother's love, and would not try to hide her disgrace by giving her baby away. We found a situation for her, and she is to-day working to support herself and child, and serves God to the best of her ability. (This is one of four similar cases.)

A Home, Not a Prison.

WE were asked only a few days ago, writes Adj. McDonald, of the London Rescue Home, if we were not making it too comfortable for our girls. In reply we could only say we were just treating them as we would wish to be treated if we were in their place. The very word "home" has to us so many hallowed memories. When comfort, love, and happiness do not exist, it is no home at all. Our girls are always glad to run home—especially Sunday evenings—bring their little joys and sorrows, and it is our duty, as it is our privilege, to give such words of cheer to those who might perish for their lack.—*Jessie McDonald.*

Sketches from South Africa.

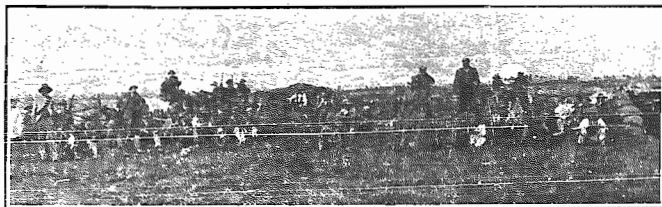


WHEN the regiment stationed at Bermuda, at the outbreak of the South African war, was ordered to the front, many Salvationists were in its ranks, and, we are pleased to say, stood well in their trying positions. Among these were the three whose photo appears in this issue, one of whom, "Sunshine," will be recognized by many of our readers, as he has from time to time sent letters which appeared in our pages. He also supplied the fine photographs which are reproduced on this page. We are glad to say that he expects to become an officer in the Salvation Army when his term in the King's ranks expires. His real name is W. E. Kilminster.

During the war many Salvationists fought in the British ranks. It will probably be of interest to our readers to state that the Salvation Army has a special organization among the soldiers and sailors of the British army and navy, known as the Naval and Military League, and that we are represented in 235 battalions and batteries of the army, and 131 ships of H. M. navy.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war, the General sent Adj. Murray in charge of a contingent of officers to do what was possible for the S. A. to accomplish. The military authorities were most obliging, and granted passes, giving every facility for work to our officers, who were distributed as follows:

Two officers joined the Highland Brigade at Modder River; two others joined General Gatacre's forces at Sterkstroom; one officer, in charge of a tent, proceeded to Colesberg with General French's column, while Adj. Murray sailed, with two other officers, from Cape Town to Natal. All these officers held official



Boer Laager at Mafeking.

passes which enabled them to draw rations and move with the troops. They assisted the sick and wounded, comforted the dying, and looked after the spiritual welfare of the men to their best ability.

"Can I do anything for you?" whispered
Three N. and M. Leaguers now at Kroonstad, O. R. C.



Pte. Davey, Drummer Webb. W. E. Kilminster, who was reported dead. Candidate.

Capt. Ashman to a patient in one of the hospitals in Natal.

"No," came the surly reply. Then, seeing the Army badge, "Yes, I—I should like you to write to the old people at home. They have heard nothing from me at all since I ran away, years ago, and now here I am, shot through the leg."

The Captain wrote, receiving a most grateful reply. Later on the boy went home, having had his leg amputated.

Letter writing for the men was a large part of hospital visitation work. Much literature was distributed and eagerly snapped up. Pencils, paper, stamps, matches, and other little necessities, very scarce at times in the camp, were also distributed by our officers. One thing most deeply appreciated was the hot cocoa given to men on picket duty at night.

Tent Soldiers' Homes were put up in one or two camps where we were represented as soon as tents could be secured, and they proved a most successful enterprise. Chairs, tables, cups and saucers, books, etc., helped to make these tents real homes to the

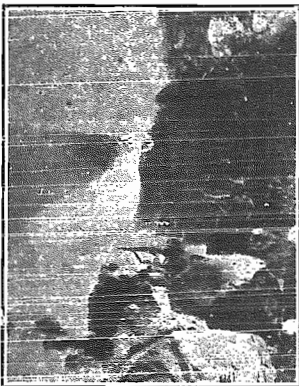
soldiers. Till 7.30 p.m. the men could read, write, and get refreshments, then a rap on the table meant: "Pipes out, caps off, take seats on the floor and be ready for meeting." These meetings were truly inspiring. The soldiers crowded closely in and around the tent, often five hundred men being, at one of the camps, present nightly. Many men knelt in repentance on the veldt, when, at 8.30, the "last post" sounded the signal for good-night.

His Conscience Smote Him.

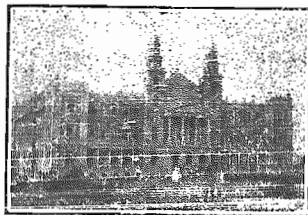
P. was a fine-looking young girl from the Middle States. When we take into consideration the kind of a mother she had, and the influence of her home, we feel glad to think God gave us the privilege and opportunity of helping her to a better life.

While at service near her home, she became engaged to, and was betrayed by, her employer's son. His friends encouraged him to leave and neglect her on account of the name her mother bore.

P. to hide her shame and sorrow, came west to Butte, where she came under the influence of the Army, and was received into the Home. During

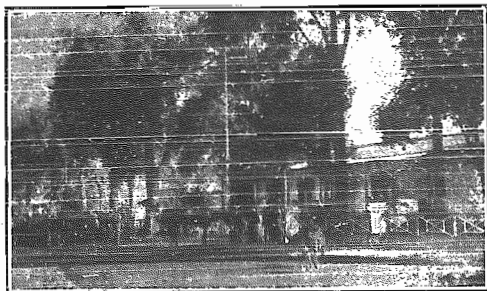


Boers on the banks of the Tugelo (battle of Colenso.)

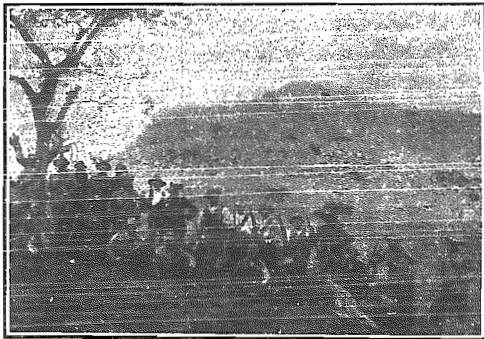


Palace of Justice, Pretoria.

her stay here she was led to see her sinful condition and accept Christ as her Saviour and friend. Her little girl was born at the Home, and shortly after its birth the father, whose conscience had given him no peace, found P. at the Home, married her, and they started a new life together—M. A. Chapman, Capt.



British Troops Taking Possession of Ex-President Kruger's Residence, Pretoria.



Spion Kop, where one of the most desperate battles was fought before the relief of Ladysmith.



THE WAY OUT OF DARKEST ENGLAND

A PEEP AT HADLEIGH FARM COLONY

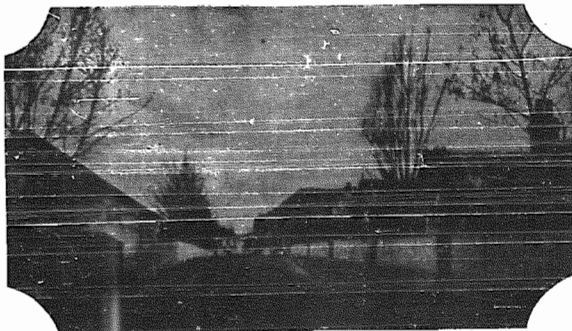
WHEN, in 1890, General Booth published his startling work, "In Darkest England and the Way Out," the civilized world for the first time was aroused to a genuine interest in the General's daring scheme for the social regeneration of the poor, the vicious, and the criminal classes. Many people also were surprised at the extent to which some of the General's social schemes had already been put into practice for years with nothing less than astonishing results.

Ten years have passed since. In every country where the Army is represented some links of this great chain of Social Institutions are established, until to-day they number 621, including cheap Shelters for men, women, and boys; Orphanages; better-class lodging-houses for single men and women; Rescue Homes for unfortunate girls, Maternity Homes, Prison Gate Homes, Homes for Inebriates, Cheap Food Depots, Factories, Salvage Depots, Industrial Farms and Homes, Farm Colonies, and others.

One of the great problems which confront the authorities of every large city is the increasing inflow of young people from the country, many of whom are totally unfit to find employment in the city, therefore gradually drift into vagrancy and crime. It is largely this class of men that the General conceived the idea of placing back upon the land. Coming destitute, dispirited, and hungry to our Shelters, they were to be taken to some farm where employment could be given them, not new or unfamiliar to them, and after they have proved themselves efficient in their work, as well as satisfactory in their behavior and character, they were to be aided to emigrate to some colony in which they would find an opportunity to secure a home of their own and become industrious and useful citizens. At the same time,

many other wrecked men, who have drifted into drunkenness, vice, and crime, and possess no mechanical skill, were also to be given an opportunity on such a farm to become useful in some kind of work, as well as their moral and spiritual welfare being cared for while there.

In 1890 the Salvation Army purchased the first portion of land, now known as the Hadleigh Farm Colony. There was some disinclination to have the Army in that particular neighborhood, and fear was expressed that the Army's Colony would prove ruinous to the village of Hadleigh. Since then, however, Hadleigh village has trebled the number of its houses, the villagers are often found employment in portions of the brickyard where skilled labor is needed, and they are now very proud of the Salvation Army Colony.



Main Street of Colony.

Briefly, the Colony is to give employment to any able-bodied man who is willing to work, but unable to find such in his condition or circumstances. This is given irrespective of nationality and creed, of course. Frequently we receive men at the Farm who are not by any means able-bodied, but if they beg for a chance, it is given them, and they are first detailed to the lightest kind of work, until the change of environments, country air, food, regular employment, and cheerful surroundings, as a rule, work for the physical benefit of the man, and he is able to undertake more laborious duties.

The mark of prison does not debar from the Colony the seeker after a livelihood, as will be seen by the following incident.

For fifteen years A. O. had been a convict. Set partly free on a ticket-of-leave, he found himself eyeing a world that sometimes had no place for the honest and upright, and certainly did not care (until a paragraph read at well-spread breakfast tables sent a short thrill of horror through respectable hearts) whether the ex-criminal starved, stole, or murdered somebody in blind, unreasoning revenge.

"What shall I do?" he said to Scotland Yard.

"Better spend your three years with the Salvation Army," advised Scotland Yard, with that grim kindness for which the Army often has to return thanks.

A. O. took gratefully the address offered him. "What have you been doing?" asked the Salvationist at the Prison Gate Home in London.

"Working on the land at Dartmoor."

"Will you go to the Land and Industrial Colony, at Hadleigh?"

"Yes, sir," he said meekly.

He presented himself at the Colony.

"I can't write, but I can read big print, and I've worked on the land," said A. O., fumbling in one pocket.

"All right, you'll have your chance the same as anybody else," answered the Colony. Still he fumbled in his pocket.

"Anything else you want to say?"

"No, sir—cept, sir—may I keep these 'ere, sir?" And A. O. held out four field mice!

He had caught them in the fields at Dartmoor,

and because of his good conduct had been allowed to keep them in his cell. The Colony hopes to do with A. O. what it did with the man from Broadmoor.

The man from Broadmoor was involved in a drunken brawl which resulted in his being put on his trial for murder. He was sentenced to imprisonment during Her late Majesty's pleasure. After serving many years he was sent to the Colony by the Home Secretary. He was soon kneeling at the penitent form and Christ saved him. His behavior and work were excellent. Some years passed. Then, on the application and representation of the Salvation

Army, the Home Secretary made the man's conditional release absolute. He married, got a situation away from the Colony, and is happy and prosperous.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Colony is under the absolute control of a Governor appointed by the General. The Governor is assisted by a Council of Finance composed of leading officers. The Colony is divided into nine departments.

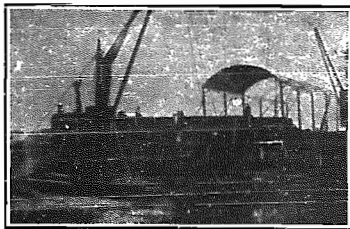
1. The Farm, including the grazing and arable lands, horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, dairy stock, etc.
2. The Market Gardening, including fruit-growing and nurseries.
3. The Training Farm, being a miniature



The Homestead, where some of the Single Employees live.



Houses of Men, once Colonists, who have Settled on the Colony.



At the Wharf.

colony set apart to receive men for the purpose of trying and training them after they are received into the Colony proper.

4. Poultry Department, including the rabbit warren, etc.

5. Brick Fields, comprising three separate brick fields and a pottery.

6. The Works Department, which looks after the repair and erection of buildings on and off the Colony.

7. Engineering and Blacksmiths maintain and supervise all machinery, supply plans, improvements, inventions, etc.

8. Stores. These supply groceries, provisions, shoes, bread, tobacco, clothing, newspapers; also includes a barber for convenience of the colonists in the neighborhood.

9. Social and Food Depots. In these are included a library, laundry, hospital, dining hall, etc.

In addition to this there is a separate Army corps on the Colony managed by officers directly responsible to the Governor. Each department is managed by a superintendent, who is responsible for the success of the same. His first business is to succeed in the re-making of the colonists. All colonists are asked what labor they prefer or have done, and are accordingly employed. If they prove themselves skilful a weekly cash grant is given them, increasing as they become more efficient.

Of course, any colonist is left at liberty to attend the Army meetings, but most of them do regularly, and many come to the penitent form and get soundly converted. If a colonist has been to the penitent form on Sunday night, he is sure to be watched closely by every one of his mates on Monday, and while they, on the whole, are kindly disposed to help, there is also a true idea that the convert must be a better and harder worker, and a more agreeable comrade than before.

◆ ◆ ◆

The story of Hadleigh is graphically described in a neat booklet which may be bought from the Trade Secretary. To it we are indebted for much information and the illustration, which appear on this page. It sums up the Colony work in one of its chapters in the following words:

1. The Colony takes in those for whom the world has no place or work.

2. The Colony gives back to the world, alive and capable of contributing labor, honesty, thrift, and all the virtues of good-citizenship, those who were given to the Colony as morally and socially dead and valueless—(a) the criminal, (b) the pauper, (c) the deserving but unfortunate, (d) the reckless and hopeless, (e)

the lazy. It relieves the prisons, the Poor Law guardians and ratepayers, the church, and the nation at large, of a great and terrible problem and strain.

3. The Colony helps the coming generation. Every man re-united to wife and family establishes a home, and passes on to his children the lessons he has learned—warnings against drink, extravagance, dissipation, falsehood, and sin in all its myriad shapes.

4. The Colony is a modern City of Refuge, or Cave of Adullam, whither men in distress may flee.

5. The Colony is international. It receives the waifs and strays of all peoples, and visitors from many nations come to study its methods, to see with their eyes what is described in this booklet. Correspondence and friendliness do not cease when the colonists leave. They write from every quarter of the globe, and they visit the old Farm where their fight towards a higher manhood was waged, and where there is always a hearty Salvation welcome for them.

The number of colonists employed at a time varies between two and three hundred men. There are frequently between six and eight hundred men pass through the institution during the year. The produce of the Farm and Market Gardening are readily sold at a high average price. The bricks produced in the yard are pronounced first-class, and the London Council has promised to buy all the bricks we can put out for some time to come. The poultry of the Colony is of the highest standard, having won many first prizes at shows. This also applies to cattle, sheep, and pigs. The yield of milk in 1897 alone was over eighteen thousand gallons.

The figures of the balance sheets are astonishing, but we will not tire our readers with them to-day; we strongly recommend them, if they are interested in this branch of the Army, to buy from the Trade Secretary a copy of the little booklet, Hadleigh, the Story of a Great Endeavor. Price 20 cents.

The Last of the General in Canada

(Continued from page 10.)

Comfort. How some of us needed it. For what heart, toiling for the burdened hearts of others, and bearing their loads upon its own, but carries some scars. Just what we wanted the General brought to us, and with Divine intuition of our need grappled with our difficulties, revealed our short-comings, and portrayed the balm of God's all-conquering salvation, until the heart, which had become footsore in publishing the tidings of salvation, were newly shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace.

In the last session, while hearts were full with the "best wine of the feast," an opportunity was given for a few representative words of blessing received. They were touching and heart-felt expressions, and when the C. S., and the S. S., and the P. O., and the D. O., and the F. O., and all the other celebrities had gone back to their seats, our beloved Commissioner, with all that force and fervor which characterizes her every utterance, clinched every feeling expressed in a burning tribute, of which the following is but a brief extract:—

"Beloved and Honored General,—On behalf of the officers and soldiers of this Territory I must make some attempt to express to you the deep feelings of our hearts, both towards God and yourself, for the great blessings your meetings have brought to us. We can never thank you, General, as we would like. We can but tell you that the new grace, spiritual strength, and inspiration your councils have brought to us, the poor, the sinning, and the unfortunate, shall be the better for. We will live the more singly for the one object to which all your life has been consecrated—the salvation of men.

You have brought us a great deal of cheer and encouragement

in reminding us of the vast proportions of the organization to which we belong, and of the tens of thousands of comrades we have loving us and fighting with us all round the world. You have kindled within us new ambitions of a greater intensity than we have hitherto known—ambitions which have widened our hearts, and deepened our souls, and set us all on fire to put forth more desperate effort at any and every cost for the bringing in of the Kingdom of God upon earth.

"You have intensified our love for you personally. Learning of your tender feelings towards us, of your burning desires concerning us, your longings for our happiness, usefulness, and success, has bound you to us by ten thousand fondlest ties, and, General, we want you to feel in return we here again freshly give ourselves to God, to you, and to the Flag, and that you may rely upon us in storm and in sunshine; when the way is easy, or when it is an uphill climb, when our foe is weak or when it is mighty, you will find us at our post, living to execute your commands and live out your desires, that the object which has claimed all your strength, all your capacities, all your life, may be more perfectly and fully realized.

"General, may we ask you to carry our love and assurances of devotion and loyalty to the Chief of the Staff. He is no stranger to us; we know him and we love him, and we want you to ask him to come and see us. (Tremendous applause.) We will give him a lovely time, because you know, General, on the whole, we are a lovely people.

"For myself, General, you will find me where the Flag is, dead or alive."

A rush—a whirl—a roar—everybody on their feet, handkerchief out—every hand upraised—every foot stamping—everybody's soul in their throat. Then a door opened, and shut again, and the General was gone, and the councils were over, and the beautiful Winnipeg barracks seemed suddenly to have grown grey and cold. But within our hearts the fire the General had lit was still burning, and the return to our respective posts shall but fan it to a brighter flame till every corps in the North-West shall send back the reflection which tells that it is burning still.

The Last Meeting.

The General felt that he would probably never be this way again, and decided, therefore, to have one more public salvation meeting; his last night in Canada was to be spent in saving men and women. Although there were only a few hours to make it known, and the night was a terrible one, yet at eight o'clock we found our hall filled with nearly eight hundred people.

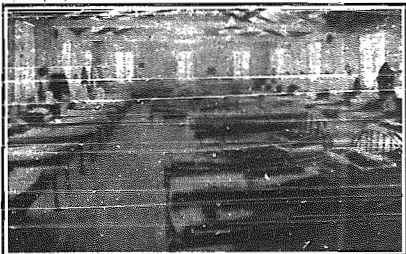
The General was, as you may guess, more than weary, but he faced the task and addressed the crowd with all the fire of his soul.

No one could mistake his business or misunderstand his message. He went straight for the salvation of all, and for salvation then and there; said there was heaven for the righteous and hell for the wicked, and I am sure that there was not one left that hall that night without knowing what his destiny would be should death find him in the same condition that he was at that moment.

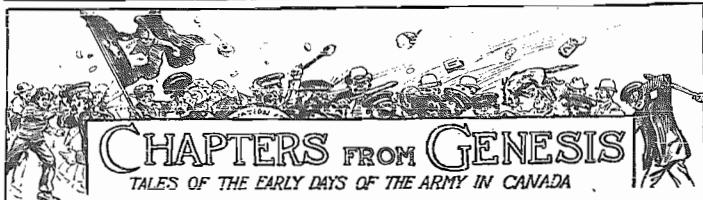
There was not a rush to the penitent form. We had to fight hard and fight long for thirteen. But we were not sad or sorry that the General had given that last faithful and final charge.

Farewell!

Next day, amid the biting cold of a wintry afternoon, the General took his flight. Long before the hour of his departure the decorated depot had been crowded, while the flying pennants and draped bunting, with flaming motto, "God speed the General!" stretching across the broad railway track, added festivity to the occasion. Then a long procession, headed by a brass band, swept up, and when the General arrived, it was to pass through an avenue lined by enthusiastic Salvationists and excited citizens, shouting, waving, and generally exerting lung and gesture to manifest the hottest of Western farewells. All too soon the train pulled out, amid a scene of indescribable enthusiasm, the vast crowd shouting itself hoarse, while the General waved parting blessings from the platform of the rear car.



The First Dormitory in which the Colonist Sleeps.



HOW MY DREAM CAME TRUE.

THE corps at O— was considered to be a very good one, having a good crowd of intelligent and well-uniformed soldiers, and could boast of a good band that took an active part during the week-nights as well as on Sundays. I was sent to take charge of this place at a time when the attitude of the public, and condition of things in general, were very much reversed, my predecessor succeeding from our ranks and taking with him most of the soldiers. The corps was supposed, by the outside people, to be closed as far as the S. A. was concerned. The barracks was locked up and the officers' quarters seized by the seceding officers, who intended to run meetings on their own lines.

This was the condition of things when I arrived on that memorable Saturday morning. Staff-Captain (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Sharp was the D. O. He was at the station waiting for his train. He gave me some good counsel during the few minutes we were together, which was of great profit to me at that particular moment. I started to go up towards the town when I was met by one of the soldiers, who told me that the Army had "busted," and that there was only another crazy man besides himself left in the corps. Of course this was not very encouraging information to start with. I asked this soldier to take me to the janitor in order to get the key of the barracks. A little girl responded to the knock at the door, and said that her parents were not at home. This was a good stroke of fortune for us, for we learned afterwards that had they been home we would not have got the key as readily as we got it from the little daughter.

The balance of the day was spent in announcing that there would be a meeting held in the barracks that night, notwithstanding there was a contra-announcement that the S. A. would hold no more meetings. When the time came for the open-air I found myself practically alone. The crowd was large, and full of curiosity and mistrust; but I felt that I was upheld by Divine strength, and told them that I came to them, although an entire stranger, to preach Christ and Him crucified. The crowd seemed, as they afterwards proved, to be a fine lot of people. They gave good attention to all that was said, and crowded the barracks when invited to come in. A few of the soldiers came to my assistance, who had not left the good old flag, and we had a good meeting.

I was promised a billet at the quarters, but on going I found that the landlord was there, who ordered me out, as he told me that the Army was not recognized in that place in any shape or form. I told him that I would leave the house as I did not want to have any bad feelings, but at the same time the Army was still there, as my cap covered a small portion of it. We had a prayer together before leaving, and I started down the dark street for—I did not know where. As I wandered on the words of the Saviour came to me—"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." There seemed to be something filling up my throat. I gave vent to my feelings by calling out at the pitch of my voice, "Glory to God!" and I felt if ever I was following Jesus I was just then. Somehow I found myself at the barracks door, and I remembered that I had "the key of the situation," and went in and made my bed on some old War Cry's on the floor. Although alone, I felt the Saviour's presence very much.

That night I dreamt that the platform was full of soldiers, with a nice brass band of ten instruments, but to my disappointment I found

when woke up by someone clamoring at the door to get in for knee-drill, that it was only a dream; nevertheless, that dream was a great incentive to me, when things were hard and the Army was misunderstood. I could see by the eye of faith the platform full of soldiers and the band, and kept on believing to this end.

We had good meetings during the Sunday. The crowds were large, inquisitive, and excited. It was hard to get their minds on spiritual things. That night I was invited by a friend to change my billet. This I was glad to do, as my bed was rather on the hard side the night previous. On the same Sunday night the barracks was broken into, and the seats, instruments, drum, in fact everything moveable but the flag and my bed of the night before, which was tied up in the form of a bundle of War Cry's, was taken out.

But the meetings went on just the same. The seats were substituted by soap boxes and planks, kindly loaned to us by a friend. The feeling of the public was very strong against us, through prejudice and misunderstanding. We could get no collection, and no goods were sent in to us.

About this time I had a good Lieutenant sent to help me. He was fortunate enough to have twenty-five cents left after arriving at his appointment. You will understand that our quarters was behind the platform, with plenty of old papers to sleep on, but nothing to eat. The Lieutenant thought it best to invest in a box of red herrings that he saw advertised on his way up from the station, for 20c., and while he was out purchasing this delicacy I went to rustle some potatoes, and succeeded in getting about half a bag. So we had red herrings and potatoes for breakfast, and herrings and potatoes for supper by way of a change, and it was wonderful how these herrings did last. I might say that I have not tasted any since.

We fought on in this way for some time until a desperate drunkard got saved. This man stood by us right through and was a great blessing. This was the commencement of better times. One night the whole congregation got saved—there were three persons present. One of these went out as an officer, but through ill health had to return from the front and is now a soldier in the West.

We had considerable trouble with the toughs at first, but in a short time they would do anything for us. Some of them got saved and made good soldiers. During all this time I learned to trust in God very much. The hardness was going away, the people were coming to our help in the collections and in sending in goods. One evening on coming home we found a large pile of cordwood at our back door; this was donated to us by the roughs who came to our meetings. We were now able to pay our rent and had abundance to eat, and from eighteen to twenty on the march on Sundays, and you will please excuse me when I say I was really proud of them.

About this time we had our orders to farewell. We had just moved from behind the platform to a respectable quarters, when we said good-bye. The soldiers and friends came up after the farewell meeting and said they were going to march with us to the quarters. There were about forty took part in this, including the unsaved boys and a band of ten instruments, which I should have mentioned before, as they were getting on well in every way. On arriving at the quarters, we found that a farewell supper had been prepared by some soldiers and friends. Neither one of us knew anything about it, and we were completely surprised. This, somehow, caused a big lump to rise somewhere below my collar button, and the only way to get relief was through a good

cry as I knelt by my bedside. I noticed the Lieutenant went to his room as well. However, we had a nice supper, and after this was over the unsaved boys paid our traveling to our next appointment. We could not help but love these boys for their kindness to us. At the same time they sent in a petition to have us sent back to them again.

I have often thanked God for my experience in this town, and it has helped me in other appointments to trust in God.

Adjutant W. Patterson.

THE WILD MAN IN THE WOODS.

IN 1886 the Army invaded the village of C—. Among its first converts was a woman who lived some miles back in the woods, where she, with her grandchildren and husband, had been driven, or rather banished, because of the drunkenness and sin of the latter. All church influences were forgotten or sadly neglected, and having discarded the church the church had discarded them.

Partly because of the shame experienced on account of his reduced circumstances, and partly through fear of being again overcome and further destroyed by his old enemy, the drink, this self-exiled man could seldom be persuaded to visit the village, and thus forced by necessity, the poor woman now and again left her forest home to do a little trading, etc. It was during one of these expeditions she first met the Army. The happy, natural testimonies and songs of deliverance appealed strongly to her poor, lonely heart and joyless experience, and the first meeting saw her at the mercy seat, where she found new hope and joy for earth and heaven.

Many a night after that, with lantern in hand, she would trudge alone on foot the five miles through the woods, scarcely inhabited but by the wild beasts which infested the district, in order to reach her new-found heaven: an Army meeting.

Deeply concerned for her husband, she questioned how he could be got to a meeting. The opportunity soon came. An announcement that a troop of Hindoos (the first to visit Canada under the auspices of the Army) would visit the village and preach Christ aroused the old man's curiosity.

"I have been in India, and helped keep these heathen in their place. Whatever can they be up to now? I will go and see," he said, and sure enough, when the time came there he was with his good wife beside him, smiling like a sunflower. Quickly I made my way to them, and it was soon agreed that we should visit them.

At the appointed time Cadet and I set out upon our mission, but I must confess, although naturally having a strong love for the immensity and solemnity of mountain and forest, this journey surrounded as it was with the ever-present possibility of a bear or some other carnivorous animal, wild Indian, or something else, pouncing upon us, rather overcharged my thoughts with anxiety, and it was with a sigh of relief that we espied the old gentleman coming to meet us.

We were at once upon the most friendly terms, chatting away about home, early experiences, war, woods, and things in general, until we learned the old man's story.

He had been the son of religious and respectable parents, but overcome with the desire to be a soldier of the Queen, he had run away and enlisted. Being fairly well educated, he filled various responsible positions, but contracted habits which eventually proved his ruin. Nevertheless, after leaving the army he succeeded in business and held important clerkships, until the craze for drink overran all bounds and he was driven into his wild abode where we found him, at 73 years, with little hope for earth and none for eternity.

Arriving at his "den," we were welcomed by the good lady and children, and set down to a spread of the best at hand, namely, homemade bread, buckwheat pancakes, fresh eggs, milk, butter, buttermilk, berries, etc. While these things

(Continued on page 34.)



A Page of Old-Time War Cry Pictures.

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A CANADIAN IN CEYLON.

(Continued from page 15.)

natives are very clannish. If a man is in a quarrel with a stranger, all the inhabitants of the village will take his part, and defend him, no matter how much he may be in the wrong."

"Is our Social Work represented on the Island?"

"Yes, and it is very successful. Ceylon has a very fine Rescue Home, and I believe one of the best Prison Gate Homes of any throughout the world."

"You used to solicit donations for the Army work in Ceylon?"

"Yes, that was my duty, and in the discharge of it I used to travel from estate to estate. Sometimes I would walk as far as thirty miles in one day, from one estate to another, out met, on the whole, with very good success."

"Did you find the converts, as a rule, persevering in their new faith?"

"Yes; I believe the Singhalee is a little harder to reach than the Hindoo, but, as a rule, he sticks more faithfully to the Army. I remember on one occasion a Buddhist, under great conviction, coming to my house. He had been to my meetings, and felt that Christianity held the true teaching of God. We talked and prayed with him, and he was soundly converted. On leaving he gave me his Buddhist charms off his wrist, which I have yet at home. Only a few weeks ago I read in the Ceylon War Cry that this very convert had been promoted to Glory, and was buried by the Army—faithful to the last."

"Have you any other incidents of remarkable conversions of natives?"

"Yes, I could give you many, especially from India, where I have labored longer and more directly, because I was in charge of corps."

"Well, you must tell us your experience of this some other time, or write it down for the War Cry. I doubt not our readers would find it very interesting."—E.

If People Only Knew.

WHAT shall it be? There is so much that might be written that it is hard to decide which ought to go down first, but certain there is that which, were it known abroad, would surely break down opposition and soften the hardest heart.

The writer's stay here has not been long, but she has learned to love her little changes, with their cunning ways.

We miss one little face. A mother goes

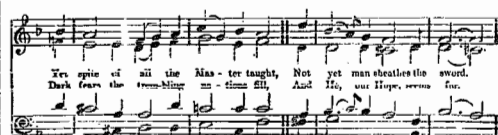
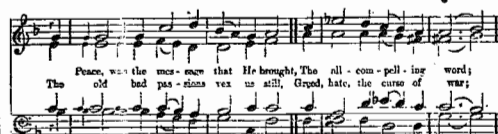
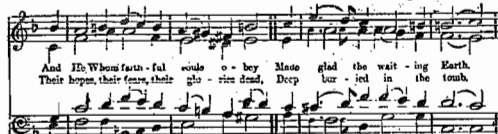
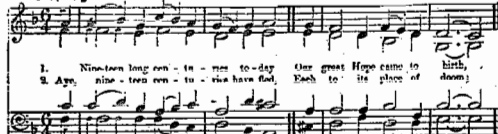
The New Age.

"NINETEEN LONG CENTURIES TO-DAY."

Words by Sir Lewis Morris.

Music by C. Harford Lloyd, M.A.

Not fast. 3/4=100.



out to service, taking her little son with her, and a few days after comes the 'phone message, "Reggie is dead." We called him our little sunbeam.

At time of writing we have fifteen little ones in our nursery appealing to our love and sympathy, which means many steps and stitches, and no little anxiety.

The thought is more and more forced upon us of how many there are, who, blessed with health and a strong constitution, might come, and in coming lighten the labors of others, as well as bring much cheer into lives which otherwise would be sad and lonely indeed.

It truly is work for God, for we are told, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—Matt. xxv. 40.—C. Reeves, Capt.

Chapters from Genesis

(Continued from page 32.)

were rapidly disappearing we held further conversation and found our host was well read and intelligent above the average. After coming a little closer to salvation matters we decided to have some prayer and return home. While on our knees we sang such songs as "There is a fountain filled with blood," with the chorus "I do believe, I will believe that Jesus died for me," and upon rising we noticed the old gentleman going through some wonderful exercises. At last he exclaimed, "My, I feel strange! Oh, there is an awful load rolled off my stomach! Why, I believe I'm saved," and he hugged himself to make sure he was still in the flesh.

"Why, of course you are saved, father," we shouted, and so he proved to be, and continued. Just lately, I understand, he has gone to the Better Country.

I shall never forget how happy we left his place, running, jumping, and shouting on our way home for the evening meeting, forgetful of all but the fact that "the dead has been made alive, and that the lost had been found."

Staff-Capt. D. Creighton.

Recent Publications.

We have a nice assortment of new books very suitable for presents and in giving valuable information relative to the Army's operations at the renowned "Hadleigh Farm," and elsewhere.

Religion for Every Day	40c.
Love, Marriage, and Home	40c.
Purity of Heart	20c.
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With additional 3c. for postage.

The above are the most recent publications by the General, and are very instructive and interesting.

"HADLEIGH FARM."

This book is very profusely illustrated, giving a detailed account of the accomplishments at this wonderful branch of the Social Work, accompanied with concise little anecdotes, and sells at 20c. Postage 3c.

Please order through your Provincial Depot, or, if none, direct from

THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

THE THREE BIDDERS.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ROWLAND HILL.

(Reprinted by repeated requests.)

Will you listen, kind friends, for a moment,
While a story I unfold;
A marvellous tale, of a wonderful sale
Of a noble lady of old;
How hand and heart, at an auction mart,
And soul and body she sold.

"Twas in the broad king's highway,
Near a century ago,
That a preacher stood, though of noble blood,

Telling the fallen and low
Of a Saviour's love, and a home above,
And a peace that they all might know

All crowded around to listen;
And they wept at the wondrous love
That could wash their sins, and receive them in

His spotless mansions above;
While slow, through the crowd, a lady proud
Her gilded chariot drove.

"Make room," cried the haughty outrider,
"You are closing the king's highway;
My lady is late, and their Majesties wait,
Give way there, good people, I pray."
The preacher heard, and his soul was stirred,
And he cried to the rider, "Nay."

His eye like the lightning flashes;
His voice like a trumpet rings—
"Your great fetes-days, and fashions and ways
Are all but perishing things,
'Tis the king's highway, but I hold it to-day
In the name of the King of kings."

Then—bending his gaze on the lady,
And marking her soft eye fall—
"And now in His name, a sale I proclaim,
And bids for this fair lady call.
Who will purchase the whole, her body and soul,
Coronet, jewels, and all?"

"I see already three bidders—
The world steps up the first;
'I will give you my treasures, and all the pleasures
For which my votaries thirst;
She shall dance through each day, more joyous and gay,
With a quiet grave at the worst."

"But out speaks the devil boldly—
'The kingdoms of earth are mine,
Fair lady, thy name, with an envied fame.
On thy brightest tablets shall shine:
Only give me thy soul, and I'll give thee the whole,
Their glory and wealth, to be thine."

"And pray: what hast thou to offer,
Thou Man of Sorrows unknown?
And He gently says, 'My blood I have shed,
To purchase her for Mine own;
To conquer the grave and her soul to save,
I trod the wine-press alone,

"I will give her My cross of suffering,
My cup of sorrow to share;
But with endless love in My home above,
All shall be righted there;
She shall walk in white, in a robe of light,
And a radiant crown shall wear.

"Thou hast heard the terms, fair lady,
That each have offered for thee,
Which wilt thou choose, and which wilt thou lose,
This life, or the life to be?
The table was mine, but the choice is yet thine,
Sweet lady! Which of the three?"

Nearer the stand of the preacher
The gilded chariot stole,
And each head was bowed, as o'er the crowd
The thundering accents roll;
And every word, as the lady heard,
Burned in her very soul.

"Pardon, good people," she whispered,
As she rose from her cushioned seat.
Full well, they say, as the crowd made way
You could hear her pulses beat;
And each head was bare, as the lady fair
Kneelt at the preacher's feet.

She took from her hands the jewels,
The coronet from her brow;
"Lord, Jesus," she said, as she bowed her head,
The highest bidder art Thou;
Thou gav'st for my sake Thy life, and I take Thy offer—and take it now.

"I know the world and her pleasures,
At best they but weary and cloy;
And the tempter is bold, but his honors and gold

Prove ever a fatal decoy;
I long for Thy rest—Thy bid is the best;
Lord, I accept it with joy!"

"Give me Thy cup of suffering,
Welcome earth's sorrows and loss,
Let my portion be to win souls to Thee,
Perish her glittering dress!
I gladly lay down her coveted crown,
Saviour, to take Thy cross."

"Amen!" said the holy preacher;
And the people wept aloud.
Years have rolled on—and they all have gone
Around that altar who bowed;
Lady and throng have been swept along
On the wind like a morning cloud.

But the Saviour has claimed His purchase,
And around His radiant seat,
A mightier throng, in an endless song,
The wondrous story repeat;
And a form more fair is bending there,
Laying her crown at His feet.

So now, in eternal glory,
She rests from her cross and care,
But her spirit above, with a longing love,
Seems calling on you to share
Her endless reward, in the joy of her Lord;
O ye—do you not answer her—there?

The Evil Thereof.

If we would only take the burden appointed for each day, we might easily manage it; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's over till to-day, and adding to our morrow's burden before we are required to bear it.

A Thankful Child.

The child who is adopted finds that there are disadvantages about the adopted position, and one of these is the desire to be like that exists in the minds of youthful companions. A small girl who had endured the scathing remarks of a number of other small girls as long as she considered it necessary ended the conversation with these words: "Well, your papas and mammas had to take you whether they wanted you or not. Mine picked me out of a whole lot of little boys and girls."

True Worship.

Not by flowers or sandal-powder,
Not by music's heavenly strain,
Is the soul's true worship rendered,
Useless are these things and vain.
But the brother and the sister,
Man devout and woman holy,
Pure in life, in duty faithful,
They perform the worship truly!

Let Them Think.

When the Princess Charlotte was a child of five years old, she had as a governess a Miss Hunt—a lady of great talent, and better still, a truly good woman.

One day after pointing out some beautiful trees to the little Princess, Miss Hunt said—

"You know, Princess Charlotte, that God made them; but what would you say to anyone who took it into their heads that they made themselves?" "I should desire them to go and think," said the little Princess.

A Novel Temperance Sermon.

One of the longest sermons on record was preached at Eastport, Me., recently. The sermon consisted of one week's newspaper reports of the suffering, shame, sin and crime caused through intemperance. The reports were pasted on paper strips made into a huge roll, and as the roll was unrolled extracts were read by the pastor, who made comments on special cases, while several attendants carried the end through the church and into the street. It was then placed on exhibition as an object-lesson showing the misery caused by drink.

One on the Police.

A good story is told of the Russian police, who are very careful lest any literature of an atheistic character shall fall into the hands of the peasants.

A peasant in the Province of Minsk went to a publisher's shop and asked for a Bible. Unwittingly the shopman gave him an algebra primer.

On opening the book when he reached home the peasant was surprised to find it full of mystic signs and hieroglyphics. The peasant showed it to a policeman, who felt convinced that the signs were of an extremely free-thinking character, and so arrested the owner.

At the trial the peasant was discharged, and the policeman, instead of being rewarded for his religious zeal, was reprimanded.—London Daily Express.

Weakness as a Means of Strength.

Weakness is sometimes the best strength. Paul says, "When I am weak, then am I strong." And all of God's children have a right to share that blessing. Without any of one's own strength, while sharing all of God's strength, is to be possessed of all that we need, and more. "When good Dr. Bushnell was in his last illness, one of his loving daughters said to him, 'Dear father, you are so patient in all your trials!' His quick answer was, 'I've got a great deal of weakness to back me.' He felt the true strength of weakness. We have reason to be grateful for the help of that same strength.

A minister was nailing a refractory creeper to a piece of trelliswork near his front gate, when a small boy stopped and watched him with great attention. "Well, my young friend," he said pleasantly, "are you looking out for a hint or two on gardening?" "No," said the youth, "I be waiting to see what a parson do say when he hummers his thoomb."

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

TUNE.—No, not one!

1 THERE'S not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one, no, not one.
None else can heal the soul's diseases,
No, not one, no, not one.

CHORUS.

Jesus knows all about our struggles,
He will guide till the day is done;
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one, no, not one.

There's not a friend so high and holy,
No, not one, no, not one.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly,
No, not one, no, not one.

Did e'er a saint know this Friend forsake him?
No, not one, no, not one.
Or sinner find He would not take him?
No, not one, no, not one.

There's not an hour that He is not near us,
No, not one, no, not one;
No night so dark that His love can't cheer us,
No, not one, no, not one.

Was e'er a friend like the Saviour given?
No, not one, no, not one.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven?
No, not one, no, not one.

BBB

TUNE.—"To Save a Poor Sinner."

2 WHEN Jesus was born in a manger,
The shepherds came hither to see;
For the angels proclaim'd that a Saviour
Was born,
To save a poor sinner like me.

CHORUS.

To save a poor sinner, to save a poor sinner,
To save a poor sinner like me;
For the angels proclaim'd that a Saviour
Was born,
To save a poor sinner like me.

King Herod then sought to destroy Him;
The angel told Joseph to flee;
So he fled with the Babe and His mother
By night,
To save a poor sinner like me.

He was brought to Pilate for judgment;
He was sentenced to hang on the tree;
On the cross then He cried, "It is finished!"
And died,
To save a poor sinner like me.

BBB

Go to the Saviour.

TUNE.—"Memento Mori."

3 Go to thy Saviour, thou grief-stricken soul,
Go ere the dark waves of trouble may roll.
Go lest the daylight fades out, and the gloom
Hastens thy footsteps to death and the tomb.

CHORUS.

Come to Him, sinner, oh, come right away,
Calvary's mountain is glowing to-day.
Jesus is calling, invites you in love;
Come, make thy peace with thy Saviour above.

Go in thy youth, let thy life be well spent,
Go to Him now, at this moment repent;
Crying, "O Lord, give me faith just to see,
The patience and love Thou hast borne for me."

Go to thy Saviour, the sunlight will shine,
Look in the mirror of love so divine,
There you will see One who loveth thy soul;
Wilt thou not come to Him and be made whole?

Cast down thine all at His crucified feet,
Trust Him—salvation is full and complete;
Nothing, oh, sinner, to do but obey,
Come while He calleth in mercy to-day.

BBB

Wonderful Cleansing Blood.

By ENIGM WHITTAKER

TUNE.—"Wonderful Words of Life."

4 KNEELING low at the Cross I find,
Wonderful, cleansing blood,
Flowing freely for all mankind,
Wonderful, cleansing blood.
Glorious plan of Salvation,
Free to every nation;
Jesus has died, none are denied,
Wonderful, cleansing blood.

CHORUS.

My sins rose as high as a mountain.

Though your garments are stained with sin,
Wonderful, cleansing blood;
Dark, indeed, may the past have been,
Wonderful, cleansing blood.
Leave your sin and sorrow,
Trust Him for to-morrow;
Only believe, you shall receive,
Wonderful, cleansing blood.

Weary wanderer, prove it now—
Wonderful, cleansing blood;
At the foot-stool of mercy bow.

TUNE.—"For Our First Sin."

5 WERE we sigh for joys once tasted,
Talking of days that have passed away;
Just as if God's great strength had
Wasted;
Isn't He just the same to-day?
If there's a difference, what can it be?
God has not altered, it must be in me;
Why should I starve, and on memories feed,
When to His storehouse in all that I need?

CHORUS.

The old-time power, Lord, I am seeking to-day,
The old-time power; help me to fight and to pray.
Life's too short to trifle, I'll give Thee every hour;
Come, Lord, and give me again the old-time power.

Why should God's saints be poor and needy?

Why should one heart remain hard or cold?

Are we not all just now quite ready?

Nothing that's good will the Lord withhold.

Come, let us seek with true purpose of heart,

Ready from all that would hinder, to purr;

Life more abundantly we shall receive,

He will come down on us, Lord, I believe!

Under the precious Blood now I am going,

Naught from Thee, Lord, am I holding back;

Sweetest peace and blest comfort my heart are o'erflowing.

I shall follow Thy footsteps on Calvary's track.

Just now I am ready, my garments are white,

Oh, arm me for conflict, and send me to fight.

BBB

The King of Kings.

By COLONEL LAWLEY.

TUNE.—"Lead Kindly Light"

6 THE King of Kings was in a stable born,
'Twas all for me;
He left His home to face a world of scorn,
'Twas all for me.
They had no place to lay His infant head,
A stable, bare, formed Jesus' cradle-bed.

CHORUS.

To the tune of "To the Uttermost He Saved," the following chorus may be sung.

'Twas for me the Saviour died,
'Twas for me the Saviour died;
My poor heart to win, from the power of sin,
'Twas for me the Saviour died.

The road was rough that led to Calvary,
'Twas all for me;
'Twas blood He sweat in dark Gethsemane,
'Twas all for me.
Away with Him, the maddened people cried,
And thus He hung, with thieves on either side.

'He Son of God was left alone to die,
'Twas all for me;
'He thunders rolled, and darkened was the sky,
'Twas all for me.
The veil was rent, the rocks asunder given,
When Jesus died He opened the gates of heaven.

My King and Saviour, in the grave did lay,
'Twas all for me;
An angel came and rolled the stone away,
'Twas all for me.
He burst the barriers of the cruel grave,
He rose again and ever lives to save.

They watched Him rise, far, far beyond the sky,
'Twas all for me;
In triumph He ascended up on high,
'Twas all for me.
He lives above, all glory to His name,
He changeth not, forever is the same.